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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Thus Always With Rebels

NO one who has closely followed the course of contemporary literature can be unaware that the fierceness of the controversy that two or three years ago was waging over the developments in American fiction and somewhat more than ten years ago was precipitated by the experiments of the verse-makers has lost something of its virulence. And it has lost it, of course, for the very obvious reason that what was then new is no longer novel, and that it is over the startling and not the usual that debate becomes excited. The first *vers librists* may have shocked the lovers of the traditional into vehement objection, but the ineptitudes of their followers by throwing into high relief the chasm between themselves and those they imitated sobered the critics to appraisal. The bitter disillusionment of post-war fiction stirred the comfortable reading public to violent indignation, but the continuance of its fault-finding brought about a tolerant weighing of values. And so the course of letters has always been—a systole and diastole of objection and attention. The innovators are always the shock forces of literature who absorb the first impetus of attack and on the efforts of whom the gains of the future are consolidated. They may come out battered and weakened from battle but they have cleared the way to further action.

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There are signs and portents in the heavens that here in America the innovators have cleared the way to an approaching half decade that will be far less frenzied though no less earnest than the past lustrum. They have done the hard work of habituating the public mind to the prevalence of discontent with things as they are, and have left the road open to a more leisurely advance of the cohorts of reform. For reformers, to be sure, our more serious novelists (they who are also social historians) most certainly still remain. But they need no longer shriek so loudly as five years since to get a hearing, nor need they now paint only in sombre hues to persuade their public that all is not for the best in what is not the best of all possible worlds. That public has learnt it full well; the clarion voices of the younger generation have dinned it into its ears to the exclusion of all else until now it accepts as truth what at first it deemed a mistaken art. And behold! the younger generation, not quite so young any longer, seems suddenly to be learning that if truth is art, the highest art is truth to something more embracing than the immediate realities. It is admitting into its realism a leaven of that romantic vision that makes of this sorry world a thing dearly to be desired and devoutly to be loved despite its faults. They are yielding, our older realists too, a little of their harsh animosity, for a Babbitt substituting an Arrowsmith, the seeker, the dreamer, the idealist; for a Gopher Prairie substituting a "golden village." *Eheu, fugaces!* Can it be that our iconoclasts are growing mellow?

Be that as it may, the breach between them and those against whom they warred is getting less. They are no longer so shocked themselves nor do they so shock those against whose code and faith they so lately rebelled. They have met the enemy and to the extent at least that they have beaten down their preconceptions they are theirs. The era of defiance on the one hand and of outrage on the other is passing from the stage of emotion to that of reason. And that is of good augury for art. For it still remains true that it is the sublimation of emotion by subjecting it not to the analysis that is dissection of the specific but to the synthesis that is a projection of the universal that produces a great art, an art that has perspective, beauty, and nobility. Such an art is born of quiet; not of the quiet of acquiescence but of the quiet of awareness. Awareness our crusading writers have helped to bring about. But they can no longer be content merely to challenge indifference. From now on they must build as well as destroy. And signs are beginning to multiply to indicate that they will.

The Flower-Fed Buffaloes

By VACHEL LINDSAY

THE flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low;
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more:—
With the Blackfeet lying low,
With the Pawnees lying low.

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Saint, Poet, and Psychologist

By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

THAT there exists a connection of some kind between art and religion has long been suspected. But, whenever the attempt has been made to define or to formulate the connection, difficulties have arisen. Either art and religion have been identified by means of a vague Platonistic idealism, which identifies absolute Beauty with absolute Good and both with God: in which case idealism serves as the circumambient mist in which all cows are grey. Or we have been pointed to the beauty of Gothic cathedrals, or the religious inspiration of the Italian primitive painters: in which case indeed a connection of some kind is manifest, but it is manifestly not a connection of art as a whole with religion as a whole.

Or again, and perhaps with more show of reason, a relation has been indicated between such poetry as that of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" and some sort of religious mystical experience. But here also there is special pleading. One swallow does not make a summer; and Wordsworth is emphatically not a typical poet. He is occasionally a great poet; more often he is not a poet at all: and unfortunately it is generally (though not always) when he is not being a poet at all that he says the things that come in handiest for the æsthetic-religious syncretist.

So that there is a widespread and not unjustified suspicion of all attempts to make an amalgam of religion and art. The artist feels that he is being involved in a pietism to which his whole nature is opposed; and the religious man suspects that he is being inveigled along the flowery path which leads to the everlasting bonfire of pantheism.

* * *

Now, I do believe that there is a connection, and an intimate connection, between art and religion; but I also believe that we shall never be able to make this connection explicit unless we take our analysis both of religion and art a good deal deeper than it has been taken so far. We have to have prepared ourselves with some answer to the question: What is religion? Are we to look for the reality of religion in theology, or in ritual, or in fellowship? Or, if the reply is: In all these together, then are we to regard these three as doctrine or as experience, as objective or as subjective realities? Are we to read them in the letter or in the spirit? The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas, can, for instance, be read in either way: but if I were to read it without a constant sense of its mystical implications (that is, as a record of an experience, and not as a statement of a doctrine) it would be dust and ashes to me. Whereas, in fact, I find it moving to a degree.

It is not otherwise, I believe, with religion itself. You have your choice: you can read either in the letter or in the spirit. But if you read in the letter you will find not the faintest connection between it and religion read also in the letter: there is no connection to find. But if you begin to read both in the spirit the bond between them will not fail to be manifest.

Nevertheless, this will not help us in the work of explication. The antithesis between the spirit and the letter is meaningless to those that know nothing of it. "To him that hath it shall be given: and from him that hath not it shall be taken away even that which he hath." Those strange words hold true of art and religion alike; and they hold true of art and religion in that realm where they are indeed identical. But by insisting upon their truth

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we do nothing towards making that ultimate identity palpable: we succeed merely in branding ourselves as mystics.

There is but one way of advancing. We must examine much more deeply than we have hitherto attempted to do, the experiences of the great individuals in the history both of religion and art. Some desultory efforts at the task have been made already by the psychologists. The best I know is William James's "Some Varieties of Religious Experience." I admire the book: but it is inevitably one-sided, and it is also crude. Religion must be treated with the same delicacy and discrimination as art. In order to discover what poetry is, we do not collect all the outpourings of local bards in local newspapers and seek to find what they have in common: we choose the great poetry of great poets for our data. Surely it must not be otherwise with religion. To be greatly religious calls for genius no less than to be greatly poetic. And if it be said that religion (or at least the Christian religion) is essentially universal, making its appeal to all men, it must be replied that art is just as universal; but the fact is that both these universalities are ideal and not actual. In order to know what art and religion really are we must take them at their maximum of intensity not at their maximum of dilution. That was the method of the great master of physical research, Michael Faraday. In order to find the connection between art and religion, we must examine the greatest artists and the greatest saints together.

It is not an easy thing to do, and above all, it is not a work for the psychologist as he at present exists. The recent excursions of the psycho-analysts and others into the realm of artistic intuition have been too lamentably revealing. The great artist and the great saint, and anyone who understands them, have all forgotten more psychology than the most advanced psycho-analyst ever knew. Modern psychology is a pseudo-science of the most clumsy and pretentious kind, and in its *parvenu* confidence has not even yet begun to realize that Christian theology (for instance in the doctrine of "grace" efficient or otherwise) begins where it ends. Psychology is, by derivation, the science of the soul. The modern psychologist assumes, with a naivety that is astonishing, that the soul does not exist. It never occurs to him to ask himself whether the many men of supreme intellectual and spiritual powers who through the centuries have spoken of the soul as a reality, could possibly have been speaking of something which does not exist. He assumes that these great men were colossally ignorant, because they did not go to their monasteries by motor-car or conduct their lives by the telephone. It never occurs to him to ask himself whether the science of the soul might not be precisely the science in which the methods of the physical sciences are, *by nature*, useless, and one in which a Chinese sage of a few dozen millennia before the twentieth century might be rather more expert than themselves. How many modern "psychologists," I wonder, have ever heard of, much less read, St. Thomas Aquinas's *definition* of the soul? Perhaps when they have read it, and understood it, they may be allowed to matriculate.

I have no animus against "psychologists" so long as they stick to the physiological. When they pass beyond it, they are for the most part like Hottentots in the Parthenon. Before we can listen to their crude outpourings we must demand that they should master some rudiments of that science of the soul which is contained in the confessions of the great artists and the great saints. As for permitting them to take in hand the task of examining and comparing the experiences of these great souls —Heaven forbid! Men who are still capable of explaining Christ away as an epileptic and Shakespeare as a degenerate would be more profitably employed in the urgent work of discovering whether anything remains of a soul within themselves.

I do not know who will do the work unless it is the literary critics: and it seems likely that we shall have to wait for a new generation even of them, or at least for a new impulse and a new courage in the present generation. The pure creative impulse in literature is dwindling. If, therefore, as I sometimes believe, a period of searching and therefore creative criticism is at hand, the work I am trying to suggest may be accomplished far more quickly than seems likely now. At all events, in the hope that someone may be stimulated by it, I will give a concrete example of the kind of comparison I have in mind.

In March, 1819, John Keats, who had fallen passionately in love and knew himself menaced by consumption, passed through a period of profound gloom. He was almost completely silent. Eventually he emerged out of the gloom to write the "Odes"—the poems which place him second only to Shakespeare among the pure poets of the English language. At the beginning of this period of gloom and silence, he wrote, on March 19, an astonishing letter. It is fairly well known: for it contains the famous passage:

> This it is that makes the amusement of life to a speculative mind—I go among the fields and catch a glimpse of a stoat or a field-mouse peeping out of the withered grass—the creature hath a purpose and his eyes are bright with it. I go among the buildings of a city and I see a man hurrying along—to what? the creature hath a purpose and his eyes are bright with it.

That letter is perhaps the most remarkable example of pure poetic perception in act that we have in the English language. Keats is discovering (and we watch him discover) a harmony in the human universe. But the beginning of the letter is profoundly interesting. Keats describes his condition: he has been in bed till ten in the morning.

> This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent and supremely careless. . . . In this state of effeminacy the fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree that pleasure has no show of enticement nor pain no unbearable power. . . . This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of the body overpowering the mind. . . .

To what effect of profound and miraculous vision Keats's mind was overpowered, the rest of the letter is witness.

Now compare the words of perhaps the greatest of all Christian mystics, Meister Eckhart, on "the eternal birth of the soul."

> Active intellect abstracts the images of outward things, stripping them of matter and accidents and introduces them to the passive intellect. . . . And the passive intellect made pregnant by the active in this way, knows and cherishes these things with the help of active intellect. Passive intellect cannot keep on knowing things unless the active intellect keeps on enlightening it. Now observe. What the active intellect does for the natural man, that and far more does God do for the solitary soul: he turns out active intellect and installing himself in his stead he himself assumes the duties of the active intellect. When a man is quite idle, when his intellect is at rest within him, then God takes up the work: he himself is the agent who produces himself in the passive intellect.

To my mind there is no doubt whatever that Eckhart and Keats are describing the same rare condition of soul. If anyone should say: What have God and the soul to do with Keats? let him read the remainder of Keats's letter. If he still cannot believe that it contains what can only be called a vision of God immanent in the world as perceived by the soul, let him turn on to the more remarkable letter with which Keats finally emerged from the silence. That contains a vision of the world deliberately described in terms of God and the soul as "The Vale of Soul-making." Keats describes how a soul is made. What he says is perfectly true: that *is* how a soul is made. He knew because he had passed through that eternal birth of the soul which Meister Eckhart described and preached. And if we desire to know by what miracle Keats's vision of the world suddenly became so exquisite, so true, so harmonious, and so magical, we have only to turn to Eckhart again:

> Thy face is turned so full towards this birth (of the soul) no matter what thou dost see and hear, thou receivest nothing save this birth in anything. All things are simply God to thee who seest only God in all things. Like one who looks long at the sun, he encounters the sun in whatever he afterwards looks at. If this is lacking, this looking for and seeing God in all and sundry, then thou lackest this birth.

A Diverting Novel

MOCKBEGGAR. By LAWRENCE W. MEYNELL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

> Oh, the gay and gallant Georgians; and through all their ghostly laughter, their ghostly gallantry, their ghostly wit . . . but being in London, and in Half Moon Street, I fell to thinking sadly of all the gay and gallant people I had known in it, of all the dear and desperate people I had met there, of all the friendships and the follies we committed, of all the fine and foolish things we said; oh, the Georgians, the gay and gallant Georgians.

WHEN a writer leads off thus wistfully, albeit alliteratively, of pre-war England, we suspect the influence of Shane Leslie's "End of a Chapter." We note, moreover, that Rose Macaulay is not altogether silent in such chronological satire as the following remarks on 1914:

> Which was a fitting thing in that somewhat extraordinary year (now ever to be remembered as a memorable year, the Last of All the Years) when Ireland was quite full of people preparing to kill one another, and Hyde Park railings were positively festooned with misguided women who (but the newspapers never explained how they accomplished it) kept tying themselves there.

Further on we detect our old friend Samuel Pepys in such a remark as: "So on to lunch solitary and a little soured . . ."

While endeavoring to reconcile these ingredients, we are introduced to a flock of woolly, white epigrams in the manner of the esurient Oscar Wilde gambolling pastorally in a Michael Arlen setting.

However, as the narrative unfolds, describing exquisite young gentlemen and ladies, faultlessly attired, well-bred to the point of sublimation, moving in the best London—oh, but Mayfair—circles, we find ourselves once again in that familiar camping ground of the recent Oxford graduate, as surveyed by Compton Mackenzie and Stephen McKenna: the brilliant young novel. And we come to the conclusion that "Mockbeggar," like all such brilliant young novels, is, in the phrase which Owen Wister's "Virginian" applied to the railroad, "sired by a syndicate." It has, however, the distinction of being rather more frank in acknowledging its manifold paternity than is general to such fiction.

The first two-thirds of "Mockbeggar" are dedicated almost solely to establishing, through a set of rather unusual characters, the truth of the formula that "polish never does away with passion . . . that flippancy is by no means synonymous with folly." Those of us who do not treat conscious superiority as a vice, will hardly grudge Mr. Meynell his assured familiarity with the intimacy of those charmed circles which no mere American and oh, so few English people seem able to enter except in such books.

Little need be said of his characters. Lucidly drawn, and attractively convincing in the minor parts, the central figures are not entirely plausible. The heroine, Rachael Massinger, is patently addicted to pretty little mannerisms which would make William Baxter recall his "baby-talk lady"; and we shall have to accept the author's word for her charm, for she appears to baffle description; at any rate, he selects her for the Dresden shepherdess around whom the epigrammatic lambs frisk, for the sun around which a group of planetary beings gyrate. And if their rotation engenders no music of the spheres, at least it affords the author an opportunity to work off all these observations on society, life, and letters which seem to be part of the impedimenta of every young writer of promise. From an historical viewpoint, the most interesting character is Vivian Dalmeny, a strange compound of Disraeli's "Endymion" and Wilde's "Dorian Grey." Charming, urbane, witty, superficial, selfish, cruel, he is of one flesh with Richard Harding Davis's "Van Bibber" and the undergraduate beau ideal of the '90's. Better than that, he is a very perfect specimen of the well-bred cad.

As we have said, the book, in the main, affords only a background for stylistic pyrotechnics. Furthermore, it serves the author as a base from which he raids the literary mannerisms of other writers, and as an arena where he can take falls out of other authors, including Samuel Pepys, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, A. S. M. Hutchinson, and Rose Macaulay, the latter being slated for two bouts.

Mr. Meynell's company of gay and gallant Georgians move serenely ahead through dances, the war, heart-break and happiness; then, quite unexpectedly, the wax-works come to life and the fireworks subside. The last third of the book is action, character, and style combined into an effective and intriguing climax which makes one regret the waste motion of the earlier portions.

The criticisms which can be brought against "Mockbeggar" are numerous and severe. It is highly artificial, dealing with events and persons of high rank, which impress the reader as both rather high and rather rank. The manner of presentation is extremely affected, and the style, or the hand-book of Georgian styles, is as satisfactory as rococco at its worst. Nevertheless, the book is clever, diverting, and written with dash. A new star has risen in the firmament; and that is always an event, no matter whether the star be one of those which slowly circle the unalterable Stella Polaris of ultimate truth, or, as in this case, one of those tinsel affairs which lend so much to the adornment of a Christmas tree or the gayety of a masquerade.

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Fighting Success

ARROWSMITH. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WITH "Arrowsmith" Sinclair Lewis justifies and achieves his ambition to become a national novelist. Manifest destiny has been the watchword of this nation, and Success the chief objective of its inhabitants. In two remarkable stories, "Main Street" and "Babbitt," Mr. Lewis has satirically pursued in the characters of his heroes common ideals of American success and proved them failure. Main Street, as Lewis sees it, is failure, and so is Carol Kennicott; Zenith is failure—spiritually and emotionally failure—and so is the rather pathetic Babbitt. And now Lewis drives home his moral by choosing for protagonist a very human scientist congenitally opposed to success as America sees success, a scientist meshed and intermeshed in a social organization made to achieve success, fighting it, fought by it, triumphing by seizing in the midst of an American success his ideal, which the community calls failure.

"Arrowsmith" is by no means the moral document which this outline suggests. It is a "hard-boiled" story of a "hard-boiled" youth, whose tough idealism is a thousand miles and a century away from the transcendental philosophy of Emerson's "Goodbye, proud world, I'm going home." Arrowsmith is rough, and rather unmoral, and almost illiterate except in his own science, and excessively bad-mannered, and entirely unsympathetic, so that the reader shares the surprise of her friends when a sophisticated and very rich widow marries him toward the end of the story. He differs from the other rough-necks in the medical school and the slovenly "docs" of the country towns where he practises only in this, that an old German scientist, Gottlieb, as cranky as Arrowsmith, has ignited in him the spark of research, and kindled a pilot flame which burns irrepressibly and flares up again and again when the "bunk" of easy money, of charlatan medical politics, of publicity, seems to have overlaid the essential Arrowsmith. He wants to find what things are, to get at the truth about "phages," epidemics, immunizations; even the sacrifice of "controls" on his experiment in order to save the population of a West Indian island from bubonic plague seems a sin against his destiny. The human race interests him only mildly; the truth is more important than their immediate welfare, more important perhaps than the race.

* * *

I give an impression of a philosophical book, which is not my intention, for in truth there are few depths of philosophy in a Lewis novel. "Arrowsmith" is a simon pure example of the realistic, biographical novel, crowded with portraits, brilliantly photographed, of types fresh in American fiction. It is, furthermore, satire, and biting satire of the medical profession, the better satire because there is evident mastery of what modern medicine has accomplished and may do. As with "Main Street," which this book resembles much more closely than it does "Babbitt," a state of mind is the center of the storm area. In "Main Street," it was the miasma of the small town; in "Arrowsmith" it is the stifling of science and all search for truth everywhere in a country mad for success. Another man might have worked out the theme of this story with religion as its heart and Christ returned as the protagonist.

The realism of "Arrowsmith" is a return to the realism of "Main Street." In the character of Babbitt, Sinclair Lewis, as it is now clear in perspective, transcended his own limitations and created one of the great type figures of modern literature, a man as human as any fellow mortal and yet significant for American social history. There is no such figure in "Arrowsmith" but instead a gallery of studies of the period, touched with caricature, almost brutal in their naturalism: "Clif," the loud-mouthed salesman, Dr. Gottlieb, the single-minded scholar, Pickenbaugh, who makes politics out of public health, Sondelius, the romanticist of science, Capitola, who founds research laboratories for the same reason that she buys pearl necklaces, Holabird, the Social scientist. It is a remarkable selection from the American scene, and need not be sniffed at by the æsthetic because of its Hogarthian exaggeration, and literal reality of detail. This may not be great art, but it is an invaluable contribution to our knowledge of ourselves and our times; and whatever may be the future of "Arrowsmith" in *belles lettres*, its place in quotation and reference in all histories of our epoch is clearly secure. Furthermore, among these etched caricatures done with such clear and final lines, is one portrait that is much more than satiric caricature. Leora, the first wife of Martin Arrowsmith, who trots along with him like a wise little dog, tactful and plucky and adaptable and humorous even over her own failure ever to be smart or brilliant, Leora is the realist's version of what the American sentimentalist means by "a good pal." Unlike every other person in the crowded story, she lifts above its satire as not being in it for any necessary satiric reason except that she exists so vividly in the imagination of the novelist that he must give her life and place. She is possessive without being predatory, she convinces absolutely like one of Jane Austen's characters without any apparent effort on the part of the novelist to make her convincing. If "Arrowsmith" were not armored and munitioned and speeded for a battleship of satire she would seem more important than all the rest of the crew. Leora, and Babbitt in his later chapters, indicate that when Mr. Lewis grows weary of exposing the world he may, if he will, turn from brilliant social science imaginatively portrayed to pure fiction.

It makes very little difference to me as a reader whether he does or not, and most of the criticisms of Lewis's untempered realism seem to me irrelevant. He is doing a good job where he is. "Arrowsmith" is a better book than "Main Street," better written and much better conducted. If it is not so good a novel as "Babbitt," its satire is at least as important and perhaps better documented. Browning was perhaps rash in asserting that all service ranks the same with God, but it is certainly true that Lewis as a social satirist is eminently serviceable, and that we can well afford to let the future take care of his permanent literary values.

* * *

His defects are not literary defects so much as qualities of his particular service. It is true that "nice" people (and there are "nice" people who are neither smug nor stupid nor obscurantist) do not get into his stories. He does not register "nice" people; they do not interest him; and if he were mirroring society instead of satirizing it this would be a prime error. It prevents him obviously from being a Shakespeare, or even a Thackeray, but why should he be either? Stendhal, also, was insensitive to "nice" people. Swift was not, which made him a *rara avis* among satirists. It is time to stop prating of the limitations of Lewis, and on the basis of three of the most remarkable books of our generation give him credit for what with all his faults of narrow vision, insensitiveness to much but not all beauty, obsession with detail, lack of spirituality, and negative philosophy, he undoubtedly is, one of the most brilliant and most serviceable students of society in our times. Wells is his master, but as a social novelist he has left Wells behind him, and if posterity forgets him it will not be for any lack of excellence in his work but because of the impermanence of the category in which he has chosen to labor. The best text books die when their service is rendered. Leora in "Arrowsmith" belongs to a more enduring form of literature than the gallery of illustrations of our times that accompany her.

"Arrowsmith" is an intensely American novel. The hero is scarcely conscious of another continent except as he touches its spirit in pure science. In spite of his lifelong fight against success, he remains as objective as a guinea pig and as strenuous as a subway. From the first page to the very last, when Martin has tasted of complete worldly success and thrown it all over for happiness in work, there is never any question except as to what he shall *do*. Action is the key to every chapter, every incident. "What shall I *do*?" is written in letters of fire on his brain. What he is, what life is, what he should think, what feel—these are all irrelevant to the story because in his hustling existence there is never any time for them. A Quaker of the seventeenth century or an aristocrat of the eighteenth would marvel at this book, and the society it depicts. Even Gottlieb wonders whether humanity is worth his science. In truth, the philosophy of America as "Arrowsmith" gives it is perhaps more deeply ironical than the author intended. There is essentially no greater clarity of mind in those who like Martin and Gottlieb despise success than in the "Holy Wren" and the cynical Angus who yearn for it. The idealists have no plan except to be always working at their passion. They are just as strenuous, just as irresponsible, just as disregardful of any end except their own pleasure. The difference is solely that Lewis's heroes work at something greater than themselves, while his villains serve their baser instincts. To a saint, or an ascetic, or even to a civilized European all might seem to be mad though with a difference in the morale of their madness.

I suppose that Lewis has been unfair to the medical profession although he has certainly made its heroes stand out with a dignity which no one in "Babbitt" or "Main Street" achieved. I fancy that we who read the book will be for a while unduly suspicious of our physicians. All satires exaggerate—they have to in order to accomplish a satiric effect. Mr. Lewis has called in a scientific man as collaborator so as to direct his pen in unfamiliar ways and insure against too much injustice. But the injustice, if it exists, is not important. Was Dickens just? Was Main Street just? And yet Main Street existed in every small town even if it was never the whole of it. And Babbitt had a thousand prototypes, even if they were more than Babbitt. Main Street was purged and Babbitt lanced by those pungent volumes, though neither was cured, and we can accept their plea of injustice with equanimity, since more good was done than harm. So it will be with "Arrowsmith."

A harsh book, a hard book, in spite of Leora, an illuminating book in a good sense, since it touches upon a universal theme while airing a particular malady, a well written and intensely interesting book in spite of its medical jargon; not a great novel, I suppose, because Lewis knows little of the subtler springs of human nature, and cares less, preferring to grasp the type and let the individual go; and yet a shrewder and more comprehensive satire of American society in the prosperous phase of its materialistic era than anyone else now practising in English is capable of—this much can be said without exaggeration of Arrowsmith."*

As Youth Is

SOUNDINGS. By A. HAMILTON GIBBS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by GRANT OVERTON

THE quality of "Soundings," by A. Hamilton Gibbs, is easily such as to make it one of the important novels of the year. Its theme is simple—a girl of fine nature and free development is frustrated in love and discovers her instinct for maternity. This is a common human experience and upon the terms and treatment depend the result, which may be anything from an ephemeral sensation to a classic idyl by a Thomas Hardy.

Mr. Gibbs has made his Nancy Hawthorne the daughter of an R. A. living and working in an English village called Brimble. Jim Hawthorne is his daughter's admirable comrade. An experience at eighteen spurs Nancy to get out and see something of the world. She goes to Paris, lives in a studio, and chums with an American girl, Cornelia Evans. It is in Paris that she meets Cornelia's brother, Lloyd, and his chum from Oxford, Bob Whittaker. She falls in love with Bob.

This much may perhaps be told to suggest the terms of the story; and now for the treatment. Given such terms, it is the happiest imaginable and the most successful. This is a story of young people in the years just preceding the war, with one brief scene or two during the war and a coda laid just afterward. On such material all varieties of method have been tried in recent fiction. Cynicism, both bitter and fatigued; sentimentalism; efforts between the lyric and the epic, and even hysteria have not given an impression of perdurability. Mr. Gibbs, by a property that seems rather magical, approaches from the precise direction of youth itself; he is romantic in the moments when youth is romantic and over the same objects, that is, things, or children, or much older people. But in the paramount concern of young people, their interest in and relations with others of their age and kind, he is as direct, as unsentimental, as eager, honest, and frank as they were—and are, and always will be.

The result is absolutely refreshing. It seems rather inevitable that a novelist who is the younger brother of Philip (Hamilton) Gibbs and Cosmo Hamilton (Gibbs) should be forced into comparisons. If one were to use "Soundings" as the only measure, one would be forced, I think, to believe

*A letter upon the medical aspects of "Arrowsmith," by Dr. Richard Cabot, will be printed next week.

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that Hamilton Gibbs's is the best talent of the three as a novelist. For Philip Gibbs has always been, and by all signs is likely to remain, a most indifferent novelist; his greatness lies in other directions. And beside the freshness and power of "Soundings," the novels of Cosmo Hamilton are literary shallows on which, here and there, have been erected moralistic breakwaters and lighthouses flashing the Ten Commandments.

Candor without offense and equally without preachment is, on the contrary, characteristic of "Soundings," from Nancy's moment with Curly on the hill, through her question about Bob: "Is it Bob—or just man?" and on to that hour when, being twenty-seven, she says to her father: "Don't you think that any girl ought to be able to admit to herself, perfectly frankly, that one day she would like a child?"

All that candor requires is achieved with an equal emotion, directness, and beauty in regard to Bob, whose chum has just called him a despicable cad and who is under the necessity of confessing, in words of one syllable or thereabouts, the fault of his makeup.

For "Soundings" is an emotional novel. Its very great emotion is conveyed directly, and often dramatically; in its method is a good deal of the ardor of the dangerous ages. It is not "emotion recollected in tranquillity," compressed like a spring. It is not aimed solely at the reader's imagination, but at his nerves—and perhaps at his memories. There are touches here and there reminiscent of A. S. M. Hutchinson—nothing more than a word or the turn of a phrase. It is, one feels, what Mr. Hutchinson ought to have done if he were not emotionally epileptic.

Fairly known to America by the republication last year of his fine war book, "Gun Fodder," Hamilton Gibbs should become much better known by this novel. Actually it is something like his sixth or eighth book, and by no means his first novel; practically, so far as America is concerned, it introduces a new and interesting novelist.

Brilliance and Brilliants

THOSE BARREN LEAVES. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925.

Reviewed by T. K. WHIPPLE

IN "Those Barren Leaves" Mr. Huxley has closely followed the formula he used for "Chrome Yellow." He has shifted the scene from an English to an Italian country-house, but otherwise little is changed. Like its predecessor, the present novel is a record of a house-party, in which is gathered a group of diverting eccentrics who make love in what time they can spare from their perpetual conversation. And, as one of them exclaims, "what a classy conversation!"—ranging over all topics from love and death and art to the Etruscan language and the breeding of mice and rabbits. As in "Chrome Yellow" there was the pathetic episode of the dwarfs, so in "Those Barren Leaves" there is the pathetic episode of the half-witted Miss Elver. And it is all clever and amusing and well written—that is, suavely and somewhat ornately written. The performance is fully up to Mr. Huxley's reputation as a lavish entertainer, brilliant and sparkling; and even if some of the sparklers are not genuine stones, the stage-effect is as good as ever. Mr. Huxley has never assembled a better cast of characters: Mrs. Aldwinkle, rich, romantic, sentimental, and middle-aged; the ingenuous pair of young folk, Irene and Lord Hovenden; Mr. Cardan, the cynical epicure and indefatigable talker; Miss Thriplow the novelist, so much the victim of her own poses that one never learns what, if anything, she is really like; Chelifer, the poet who fled all the amenities in search of "reality," which he thinks he has found in editing *The Rabbit Fanciers' Gazette* and in living at Miss Carruthers's boarding-house in Chelsea; Calamy, whose natural bent toward love-making and whose predilection for mystical contemplation ill agree—and so on. "Those Barren Leaves" is an excellent example of the smart, sophisticated novel, and very post-war.

> They like my books (Miss Thriplow is speaking) because they're smart and unexpected and rather paradoxical and cynical and elegantly brutal. They don't see how serious it all is. They don't see the tragedy and the tenderness underneath. You see . . . I'm trying to do something new—a chemical compound of all the categories. Lightness and tragedy and loveliness and wit and fantasy and realism and irony and sentiment all combined. People seem to find it merely amusing, that's all.

Surely Mr. Huxley could not have written that passage without thinking of his own works. Nor is his protest altogether without justification, for, impossible as it seems, many readers seem to have missed the marked tragic theme in "Antic Hay"—a theme which is still more marked in "Those Barren Leaves." From the beginning Mr. Huxley has shown a fondness for the rôle of the broken-hearted buffoon, and has given us many variations on the theme of "Pagliacci"; in his last two novels, he has depicted a Dance of Death, has grown more and more macabre.

His tragedy might be called the tragedy of incongruity. He is nothing if not ironical. He has a keen eye for inconsistencies of all sorts—for the disagreement between circumstances and human wishes, between facts and human beliefs, between flesh and spirit, between action and purpose, between emotion and intelligence. By a process of disintegration, he reduces human life and human beings to a chaos of warring elements. He likes to blow little bubbles of sentiment in order that he may prick them, especially he likes to mix the categories of the mental and the mechanical. For instance: "The greatest tragedy of the spirit is that sooner or later it succumbs to the flesh. . . . The tragedies of the spirit are mere struttings and posturings on the margin of life, and the spirit itself is only an accidental exuberance, the product of spare vital energy, like the feathers on the head of a hoopoo or the innumerable populations of useless and foredoomed spermatozoa."

Mr. Huxley's tragedy is also the tragedy of freedom. Most of his people are sceptics who have emancipated themselves from belief in anything, have freed themselves from the last scruple, restraint, or prejudice—"religion, patriotism, the moral order, humanitarianism, social reform"—says Chelifer—"we have all of us, I imagine, dropped all those overboard long ago." The result is boredom and futility. Nothing matters; what can one do save seek oblivion in the distraction of the senses, in ever cruder and stronger sensations? Thus in the end Mr. Huxley's is a tragedy of nervous exacerbation, beneath which always beats the refrain of Ecclesiastes. His work is a treatise, in twentieth-century terms *de contemptu mundi*, or perhaps *de contemptu vitae*. But at the end of "Those Barren Leaves" is heard a note which heretofore has been absent from his writing: in the best mediæval manner, Calamy forsakes the world to try to lead the meditative or contemplative life. Perhaps this action is merely another of those vagaries to which Mr. Huxley's characters are given, such as Chelifer's editing of *The Rabbit Fanciers' Gazette;* but I think not. For one thing, throughout the final discussions as to the nature of reality there runs an almost H. G. Wellsian solemnity. For another thing, it is natural that nowadays disillusion should continue to lead where it has always led, to mysticism, and that scepticism should still lose itself finally, as it has always lost itself at last, in an O Altitudo. Not, of course, that Mr. Huxley commits himself; but he seems to suggest, with somewhat more seriousness than is usual with him, that in mystical contemplation there might possibly be an escape from the inanity of life.

I do not wish, however, unduly to moralize Mr. Huxley's fantasies. They remain, when all is said, chiefly means of amusement—amusement for those who enjoy sophistication. Mr. Huxley may complain if he likes that his readers don't see the tragedy and the tenderness underneath, and we readily grant that the tragic element is there—but we may retort that it is no more than a spice which adds piquancy to the entertainment, like the doleful melodies which are jazzed in the "blues." It is true that Mr. Huxley's theme is "All is vanity and vexation of spirit"; nevertheless, what matters is less the theme than the treatment of it. To talk of mixing lightness and tragedy and wit and irony and sentiment is all very well—but the result of the mixture turns out to be merely amusing. How could it turn out otherwise? To write tragedy in terms of burlesque is, after all, to write burlesque; to write romance in terms of farce is to write farce; to speak flippantly of pathetic matters, or of anything else, is to be flippant. When Mr. Huxley puts his fantastic puppets through their antics, the spectacle is diverting, but it cannot well be moving; and those of Mr. Cardan's persuasion who say "True, I like to be amused. But I demand from my art the added luxury of being moved," will necessarily care less for Mr. Huxley than for more single-hearted and simple-minded writers who are unsophisticated enough to afford them that luxury.

A Colorful Autobiography

THE WIND AND THE RAIN. By THOMAS BURKE. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by WILBUR NEEDHAM

THE author of "Limehouse Nights" has written an unconventional autobiography, without dates and anecdotes, that is very like some of his tales, and no less readable. It begins abruptly in a talk with a young composer over the corners they have turned in life, and it ends suddenly at a point where there are no more corners to turn. Perhaps there will be more, later; but if it is to be, as Burke says, "in the straight," this sequel cannot help but be less interesting.

In a swiftly moving, colorful prose, Burke relates the story of his early days in Limehouse, allowing himself some latitude where the bare facts would rob the narrative of its smoothness; and he is enabled to do this because he has not tied himself down to academic biography. His family was sunk in sordidness, but it always remained clean despite surroundings, and Burke himself appears to have kept his own garments clean. Standing before the shop window of Quong Lee of Limehouse, looking in but not daring to enter, the little boy finds himself at one of the corners of life, and when the silent old Chinaman beckons him to enter and presents him with a stick of ginger and his friendship, Burke turns the corner and enters a little into the life of Limehouse that he was later to know intimately.

But another turn is before him, and for four years he lives in an orphanage, under a restraint and cruelty against which his timid nature does not dare rebel. With the death of the uncle whose life he had shared for a time in a one-room house and in the kitchen of a big house at Greenwich, he finds the orphanage glad to wash its hands of him by renting him out to a "hotel" in Caledonian Road, wherein queer things go on that he only half understands. From this house he is taken by Creegan, a musician friend he had known before, to go into business in London, for Creegan sees what the boy has fallen into; and here begins the business career of a sensitive youth who is always in revolt against his work and his associates. From office boy to clerk, with little adventures on the side, the story takes him; and then he learns to parade newly discovered gods like Keats and Beethoven through his drudging office hours, not comprehending the real significance of what he reads and hears, but groping toward a love of literature and music. He has something to say, and he says it on paper. For a time, there are no results but the usual rejection slips, pencilled by kindly editors. And finally a manuscript accepted.

Of course, the path is not cleared of brambles in this easy fashion. There are more corners to turn; more poverty to face when his temper loses him his job; and only the kindness of a former companion at the orphanage, turning up as a clown in London vaudevilles, saves him from drifting into a vagabondage of the London streets.

At times, Burke writes clearly, a master of English for the moment; but at other times he drops into careless or sensational language all the cheaper because it comes from a man who is by no means to be ranked with hucksters of mediocrity; and, again, he buries an insignificant matter beneath a mass of confused and twisted verbiage, thick as a London fog. But whatever you say of Thomas Burke, you cannot say that he is not human and colorful and interesting.

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Professor Byron

PH.D.'S. By LEONARD BACON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1925.

Reviewed by GORDON HALL GEROULD
Princeton University

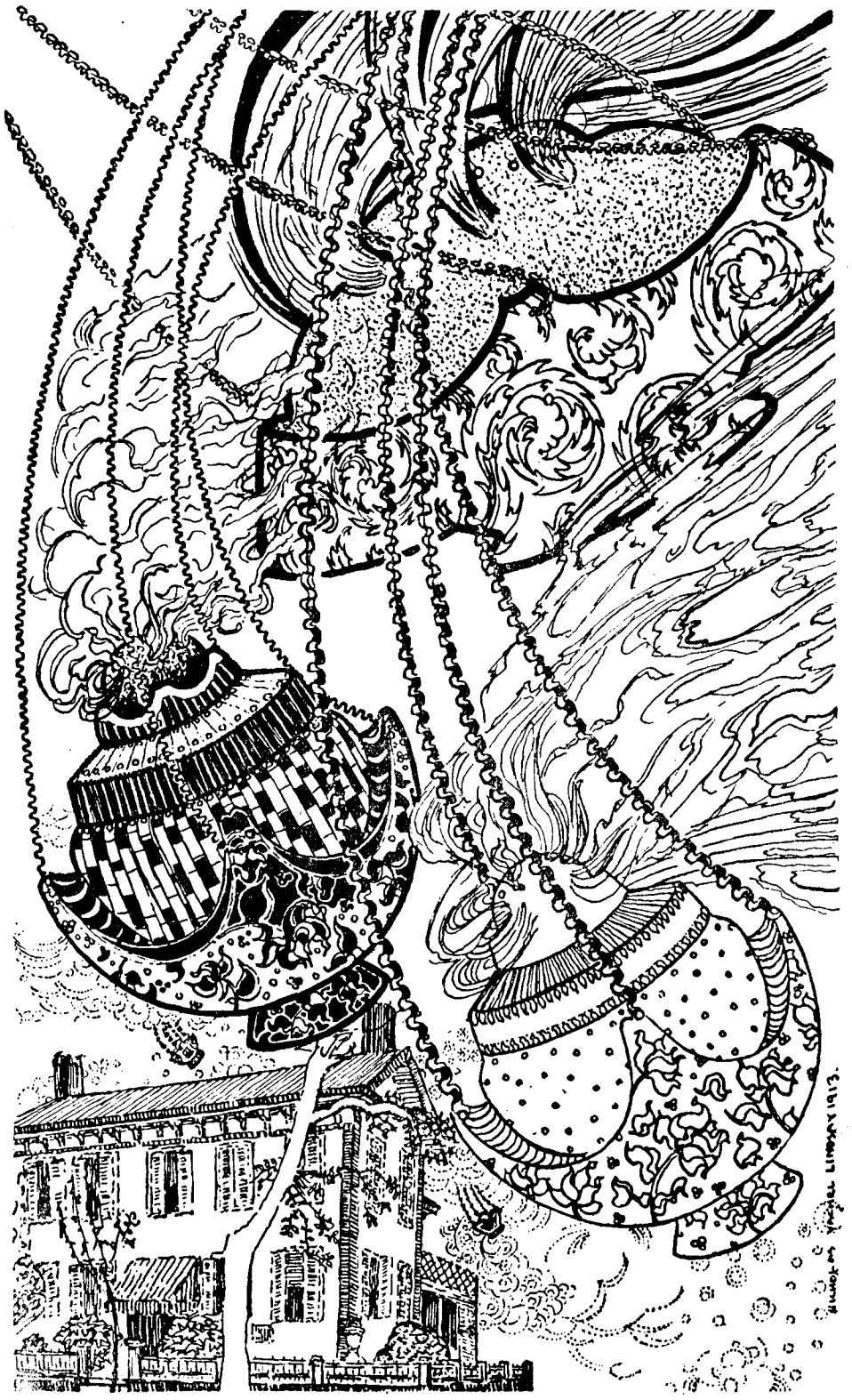
HOW subdued to what they have worked in are likely to be the hands of other men than dyers is well illustrated by the volume containing two satiric tales in verse that has just been published by Leonard Bacon. Let me say at once that it is a thoroughly delightful book: a book to chuckle over and to meditate upon afterward. Leonard Bacon is a poet to be reckoned with, and—which is my immediate point—a poet who ought to cast up accounts for himself. Let us not quarrel with him for his whimsicalities, because without them he would be less considerable than his proper self. At the same time, "Ph.D.'s" is not a happy title. I grant that it is unusual—even strikingly grotesque. I grant that the two stories which make up the volume have to do with persons who went to the bad and became doctors of philosophy. To that extent, and to that extent only, the title is adequate, for the poems are very much more important than it implies. They are important, indeed, in spite of the academic tinge wherewith their maker—perhaps because of the hand to which I have alluded—has colored them.

The publisher's announcement, which a reviewer may not, of course, honestly quote except in derision, says that these tales "are destined to rejoice the hearts of the unorthodox." I wish that might be true, for I suppose the unorthodox—though I don't quite know who they are—to be reasonably good people and perhaps numerous. My fear, on the other hand, is that Mr. Bacon's work has so rich and nutty an academic flavor that it may be appreciated by the orthodox and neglected by the unorthodox, unless perchance its merits are proclaimed in and out of season by those in a position to realize how brilliantly and truthfully he has satirized certain phases of academic life and at the same time cultivated a form of story-telling neglected for many a long day.

I do not know that I am a proper person to recommend the poems in this way, for I may not be sufficiently orthodox. How can one be sure of orthodoxy, indeed, without examination by a council or a synod? Yet I must confess myself an impenitent lover of "Beowulf," at which Mr. Bacon flings one or two of his barbed darts in passing; I give some of my time to the instruction of embryo doctors of philosophy; and I have written numerous monographs—and purpose to do so again—as dull as anything penned by Professor Schäferlein. Wherefore I take it that I ought, delighting in these tales as I do, to urge them strongly on those whose withers are unwrung by the poet's malice. It seems to me a duty to point out that they are not merely the gibes of a reformed professor at some of the less praiseworthy aspects of his former trade, but, despite their academic color, quite masterly examples of satire in story form, with an application, moreover, beyond their more obvious content.

I hope that neither Mr. Bacon nor any of his friends will be hurt, even for a moment, by the heading of this notice. It is meant as a high compliment, and should so be taken. When has a poet appeared who could be called any sort of Byron? Not in our time, I believe, if ever. And the author of "Ulug Beg" and "Ph.D.'s", notwithstanding his academic preoccupations, is Byronic in several ways. Not an imitator of Byron. I do not mean that. I mean that he tells his stories with something of the gusto Byron put into his, that he manages verse with a careless freedom that suggests the noble lord, that he slashes with his satiric blade in refreshingly Byronic fashion, and that, like Byron, he both loves and hates the circle of life from which he has emerged. Byron could not forget the aristocracy of England when he turned his back upon it, and Leonard Bacon has not yet forgotten, it appears, his former academic estate.

The only reason why one could wish him to forget, since his professorial experience has led him to produce these delightful satires, is that they show him capable of writing tales of larger scope. If he can make the story of a female graduate student readable, and the end of a poet *manqué*, who became a Cambridge don, well-nigh tragic, he can surely deal with persons of more human significance and with plots inherently more exciting. One hopes he will remain Professor Byron, for both his learning and his impetuosity are essential, but one would like to see what he could do with themes richer in event and color. America can furnish him with plenty of them.



Censers swinging over Lincoln's house in Springfield, Illinois. To appear in the new edition of "Collected Poems," by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan).

Of the tales in the present volume, "The Dunbar Tragedy" is unquestionably better than "Sophia Trenton," which, though witty and abounding in truthful pictures of pedantry incarnate, as well as of folk who are fools of a different stripe, is relatively thin in texture; or perhaps it only seems thin because its mate is so much fuller and richer. It would be unfair, and it is quite unnecessary, to give away the plots, although in a sense the plots matter least of all. The manner of their telling is what counts: the artful appearance of leisurely loitering and the real forward rush that keeps the reader moving on its tide. Few poets of our time have caught the trick of narrative. Alfred Noyes has it, of course, in one manner, and John Masefield in another. Leonard Bacon obviously owes something to Masefield, just as he owes something to the late Lord Byron; but he is no more imitative of the one than of the other. He is his own man, and among other things he is a story-teller.

It is a solid merit of his story-telling that he is really interested in people, and interests us in his characters accordingly. Quite amazingly, even the persons most unsympathetically and satirically treated, like Professor John Percy of Columbia and Professor Schäferlein of Vienna, come to life under his hands. They are portraits, after all, and not mere caricatures, or—if you please—they are portraits in caricature like some of Dickens's men and women: truer to life than most attempts at creation. I suppose the point is that they *are* creations rather than analyses, differing in this from the much-lauded figures of "The Spoon River Anthology." Sophia Trenton is paler than John MacIntyre of the second tale, but perhaps inevitably, since only a rather anæmic creature could have worshipped Professor Percy as she did. I should possibly have been tempted, like her idol Percy, to call her a "type," except for the poet's awful warning:

He said she was a type. Beware of him
  Who says that anybody is a type
Of anything. It means his sight is dim
  And all his fruitage of the mind unripe.
Though Individuals wither—life is grim—
  They yet retain the individual stripe.
And the different manners in which people act
Is what makes up the fun of life in fact.

There is wisdom as well as fun in that, as in so many of Mr. Bacon's passing comments. He is interested in the human animal, as I have said, and the specimens he himself exhibits are not dried and catalogued specimens, in spite of their academic connections. Rachel Stein and the benignant Master of Martyrhouse, different though they are, are "very well," as Thomas Gray said of Mrs. Slipslop.

Another delightful attribute of Leonard Bacon is the bold assurance with which he handles verse. It is one of the traits that link him to Byron, quite as it is one of the traits by virtue of which Byron is a great poet, no matter what nonsense is written about him. There have not been very many poets, after all, who have combined large ease in verse-making with the power of evoking beauty through the rhythmic phrase. The minor poet never gets the combination, though he may sometimes get poignant beauty. Is it not true that most contemporary verse whether it calls itself "free" or acknowledges itself fettered, is comparatively pinched, as if the poet were a little afraid of his medium? If he takes liberties, he is likely to display them with the pride of a naughty boy making faces behind the back of his nurse. Or he throws beauty to the winds in his struggle for freedom—all the beauty of line and color, that is, relying on a slippery grasp at vague impressions set forth in sprawling phrases.

Mr. Bacon is not afraid of his medium and, though he writes satires, succeeds in writing poetry. He is always workmanlike, and he is bold because he can afford to be so. It is a temptation to quote at length: not passages culled, as is the frequent habit in reviews of verse, to prove that the maker can, after all, strike a high note now and then; but this stanza and that which one longs to share with the unfortunates who have not yet read the book. What could be more magnificent, indeed, than the outburst about "Beowulf," to which I have already referred? Utterly wrong though I hold it to be as an estimate of that noble and greatly misunderstood poem, I cannot withhold my admiration for the diatribe itself.

Oh, wherefore art thou Beowulf? I wonder.
  Nameless barbaric bard, what have you wrought?
Pithecanthropic semi-epic blunder,
  Here and there sullied by a human thought,
Or fancy fainting 'mid dull blood and thunder,
  Feeble, but to the reader overfraught
Like beauty almost, as he plods rebellious,
Cursing the flame that spared Cotton Vitellius.

But it is impossible to choose wisely among so many felicities. I must beg the reader of this to become at once the reader of "Ph.D.'s"—in spite of

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the title. It is quite possible that his anthology of stanzas will be different from mine, but it is hard for me to believe that he will not find as much to delight in as I do. At least, I shall feel very, very sorry for him if he canot find it. I doubt, as I was saying, whether I am really unorthodox; but my heart has been rejoiced, all the same, by the wit and the wisdom, the superb workmanship and the admirable feeling, of this verse. Here is a ripe poet who is not afraid to jest and who yet can leave a serious impression upon the reader, who can sum up a human being in a pithy stanza and at the same time write a swift-moving tale. It would be a mistake to condescend to him because he has chosen to write satire rather than "serious" poetry. What he says of Dunbar can be aptly applied to himself:

> Satire was in him like his blood and bone,
> And pity who is satire's secret friend.

In short, the publication of this volume is an event of importance.

Common Sense and the Bible

THE BIBLE AND COMMON SENSE. By BASIL KING. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1924.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
Yale University

NOT only is the Bible, year after year, the best-seller, there are more books written about it than about any other work or author. If one glances casually at publishers' advertisements, or at any weekly list of new books, one will observe that treatises, essays, commentaries, and interpretations on and of the Bible appear in such profusion, that even if a man did nothing else, he would not find it possible to read them all. The reason is simple enough: there are more persons interested in the Bible than in any other piece of literature, yes, than in any other theme, subject, or form of human activity.

However objective novels and paintings may be, all essays are confessional; there is no such thing as a science of criticism, though much cant is talked about it. And just as we give more or less attention and credence to the report of an unusual occurrence, according to the higher or lower reputation of the source whence it comes, so we take up with keen interest and anticipation essays by men whose competence and good taste have been sufficiently proved.

Basil King is the author of nearly a score of novels, which, while they naturally vary in ability, contain something worth saying, show a lively interest in men and women, and are written from the religious point of view. To a certain extent, I am guessing; I have not read the author's complete works, but from those that I have read, it is clear that he is as distinctly a moral and religious teacher as he is a literary artist. Nor is there any contradiction or inconsistency in being both.

In the present work, he says explicitly what many writers would not affirm, and what indeed many would deny. This book is avowedly a confession; he does not try to teach, to "convince, or to convert." He states in the simplest language what his own attitude toward the Bible has come to be, and what are some of the obstacles and difficulties he has had to surmount.

It is a book in simple and plain language, and so short that it can be read through in two hours; not only can be, but was by me. It is divided into four chapters, "The Purpose of the Bible," "The Inspiration of the Bible," "The Bible as the Word of God," "The Bible and Dogma."

The purpose of the Bible is to help man to know God, and Mr. King believes that a gradual development of the concept of God may be seen in its pages. The inspiration of the Bible is largely proved by its value—its practical value to humanity.

> No factitious sentiment would keep the printing presses of the Bible working overtime. No pietistic, or sectarian, or ecclesiastical incitement could, year in and year out, support a sale which possibly equals that of all the rest of the books in the world put together. Life does not work that way. Nothing is continually and eagerly bought and paid for which is not worth its price to the purchasers. Deception or over-estimation may rule for a time, but it is discovered in the long run. If in the long run the demand for any article is greater than it ever was we may depend upon it that there is value in that article which is not to be found elsewhere.

The law of supply and demand has not been invoked before, I think, to prove the inspiration of the Bible; but it is a practical and common-sense argument, in harmony with the general tone of Mr. King's book. I saw in *The American Mercury* some time ago an article which said that the Bible ought to be suppressed; whether the writer was correct or not, it would seem to be as difficult to suppress the Bible as to suppress the weather.

In the chapter called "The Bible as the Word of God," Mr. King attempts to give reality and significance to shopworn evangelical phrases. He believes that God reveals Himself in many ways and through many channels, through nature, science, poetry, and art, but chiefly and most plainly in the Bible. The best part of this discussion includes the most interesting pages of the whole book and is devoted to the story of Jonah. Many readers will here obtain an entirely new conception of this famous tale.

It is in his attitude toward the Church and toward dogma that Mr. King shows himself particularly clear-sighted, impartial, and sympathetic. There are no polemics against Catholics, Protestants, Christian Scientists, Modernists, and Fundamentalists; there is a hearty appreciation of the value of Church organizations and dogmas, even from one who is manifestly independent. His point that every man must exercise his own private judgment, but that it is dishonest for a minister to profess a creed he does not believe, is exceedingly well taken; and his attitude toward the story of the Virgin Birth I particularly commend to those who are more worried about this than about their own sins.

It is a pity that when the Bible contains more common sense than can be found in any other book, there should have been so much nonsense written and talked and taught about it. This short essay justifies its title.

Religion and India

THE MAKING OF MODERN INDIA. By NICOL MACNICOL. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by HELENA NORMANTON
Former Editor, *India*

THE largeness of the title of this little book recalls what Stopford Brooke said of Keble's "Christian Year"—"so good within its range and so feeble beyond it!" If the reader will make the preliminary concession that religion is all that goes to the making of a country no doubt "The Making of Modern India" will give him illumination. The author takes, broadly speaking, the *locus standi* of a devout yet unbigoted Christian student of comparative religion and deals in the main with that. True, the first two articles are entitled the Situation in 1908 and the Situation in 1923, and as very brief sketches they are not unmeritorious. If they lead the reader to a fuller study and amplification, benefit may ensue from their inclusion. Abbreviated as they necessarily are by the pressure of contents concerning religion, these opening sections could easily be very misleading by that familiar and nearly always unintentional blunder, the presentation of some small parts as the whole. If they were omitted and the book retitled by some such name as An Appreciation of Religious India of Today, the buyer would get a far clearer guide as to the nature of his purchase.

That India is religious, and profoundly so, is one truth grasped by every tyro on the subject no matter how ignorant otherwise. That the making of modern India is built almost solely upon this basic fact is open to very considerable limitation, qualification, and even in places, amplification. Of three hundred and fifty millions of Indians, one-fifth are Moslems. Islam is an extraordinarily precise and exact form of religion, whilst Hinduism is as undefined as the clouds floating in the sky. Both faiths have in common the fact that they supply as well as a belief a social and a legal framework to their devotees in a way that Christianity has not attempted since the Reformation and to a far greater extent than it did up to that date. No one who has not studied the elements of Hindu and Mohammedan Law can have any true conception of the Indian systems of life. All this legal aspect of the two dominant religions in India is missed by the mode of conception of Dr. Macnicol of Hinduism as a religion only. Islam appears to be entirely ignored in his picture of India of today! The mental effect of the enormous gaps in this work is as if one climbed a mountain hoping to view the district from its summit and then found that summit to be an empty crater of an extinct volcano.

The virtues and vices of Hinduism as a belief, and India's profound religiosity are a great, perhaps the greatest, factor in Indian polity. To these the learned doctor is most scrupulously fair and no word that is in the least out of taste or ungenerous sullies his scholarly page. Having said that, I am reminded of what an India politician and editor once said to me when I asked him what the effect was upon his mind of the Christian propaganda in India. "*I find*," said he, quite gravely and politely, "*the missionaries most amusing.*"

The truth seems to be that the outstanding fact of modern India is her acute dissatisfaction. Impact with the West and its high standard of living has revealed to her her relative poverty. She wants to eat wheat and she can barely afford rice. Naturally her mind reverts to a past golden age—pre-British naturally—when her millions were wealthy, and gold and silver were of no account in her streets. The learned studies of Mr. Moreland have exploded this bubble—as a matter of fact—but that is not in the least likely to affect or reach the ear of the vast illiterate masses. Poverty is talking in India. Now religion comes in in his way. Hinduism as a law demands a series of male descendants who will regularly offer in family ceremonial the riceballs and ghee which feed the departed soul and relieve him from the agonies of hell. *Putra*, the son, redeems from *Put, i.e.*, Hell. Therefore early parenthood is essential for spiritual safety. Marriage barren of offspring is a hideous tragedy; child widowhood a curse from the gods. The social consequence of all this is that the generations in India crowd upon each other's heels faster than in any other land on the globe. Many causes combine to produce the further effect that the Indian age of mortality is 23.5 years. Assuming a productive part of life from 14, this gives a ratio of 9.5 years when the individual is a producer to 14 when he is merely a consumer. Place 350,000,000 souls upon an old, old land cultivated from the birth of time by primitive and depriving methods of agriculture and ask seriously how or when any golden age of material prosperity had dawned, is dawning, or is likely to dawn upon such a community system. If Christianity be the answer to this riddle, then it can do anything. So far as it might lead to the death of the dread of soullessness, to later marriages, and in the course of centuries a possible decrease in population, it certainly could help. Its veto upon polygamy would, of course, assist.

The Islamic system, although affording a far better and more personally moral basis for future citizenship of Heaven, is again a very patriarchally flavored faith, viewing with much approval the large family and, of course, leading to it where polygamy is actually practised, which is not in fact very largely the case. Overpopulation is India's curse, and it is one that she views as a blessing! The rapid multiplication of the Hindu is the nightmare afflicting overseas Dominion peoples when India claims a right of free migration within the British Empire. A fecund people almost invariably has a low standard of life and is a danger to a higher when in close proximity with it.

The clash of Indian creeds, the neighboring infection of Bolshevism, the poverty problem, the imperial immigration difficulty, the introduction of industrialism and trade unionism, the lack of any political ability of the practical sort, the overabundance of idealistic and nonsensical political phasmata; Caste in all its cruelty, the Philafat question, the transitional form of Government; half independent and half dependent, the Northwestern frontier dangers; opium troubles; all these and a dozen other things combine to make India unhappy. The British *Raj* is cast for the part of the villain of the piece; nor is it surprising. Who else is so likely to have plotted and planned to bring about all these evils?

A sudden withdrawal of British rule would expose India to naval onslaught on her coasts and her probable reduction to an internal state worse than that of China. A document similar to the "Groans of the Britons" sent to Rome when the Romans had departed British shores in 410 A.D. might well be the result. In her heart, India hardy wants this. She certainly has much to think of as well as the mysticism of Dr. Macnicol's, which is the *pièce de résistance* of his view of India, and anyone who desires to have an intelligent comprehension of the whole problem must read works of wider range and profundity. Man may not live by bread alone, but he certainly dies without it—even the Hindu, in spite of his mysticism.

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Prehistory

HUMAN ORIGINS, A MANUAL OF PREHISTORY. By GEORGE GRANT MACCURDY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 1924.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. TOZZER
Harvard University

HOWEVER diverse the estimates may be of Mr. Wells's "Outline of History" there is no doubt that the book opened to many for the first time vistas into a human past little known and hitherto viewed with some suspicion. Within the last few years the origins of man and of his culture have become everyday topics of discussion. Neanderthal man presents himself in discussions only a little less often than the much-abused moron. The Cro-Magnon people figure as the Greeks of Palæolithic times.

The study of the prehistoric archæology of Europe may be said to date from 1859 when a Roman priest, Boucher de Perthes, was successful in convincing a group of scientists that some pieces of chipped flint, which he had found many years before in a deposit contemporaneous with glacial times, were the work of human hands. The publication of Darwin's explanation of the theory of evolution occurred in the same year. Both these events mark the beginning of the modern epoch of the scientific study of the physical and cultural side of man.

In the last half of the last century Quaternary man slowly made a place for himself in the world of science. The question of Tertiary man next passed through a probationary period, first of speculation, then of controversy, and finally of general acceptance. The Eolith has now been generally accepted in respectable society along with Tertiary man. When a visit to France is now considered complete only after a tour of the French Palæolithic caves of the Dordogne, one realizes the "arrival" of early man.

The first complete account in English of his remains and of his undertakings is given in Dr. MacCurdy's "Human Origins." The first volume contains chapters on the dawn of man and of his arts. The complicated question of the glacial history of Europe in relation to man is considered together with chapters on the Eolithic and Palæolithic periods. The student of the history of art will find the chapter on Palæolithic art in its amazing development worthy of special study. Several colored plates, together with a large number of drawings, give a complete picture of this sudden blossoming forth of a remarkable artistic genius with roots in a soil that is barren of anything which seems to warrant its appearance. The chapter on Fossil man brings his history up to the present time with a full discussion of the various types and the part they occupy in the pedigree of man.

The second volume contains an account of the Neolithic, the Bronze, and the Iron ages. As the title of this work is "Human Origins" the author is perhaps justified in giving only the briefest possible outline of the Bronze and Iron periods. The prehistoric archæologist is naturally most concerned with the beginnings of man, but the historian and the classical scholar find their greatest interest centered in the Bronze and Iron ages as they contain the beginnings of those great movements which culminated in the achievements of the Greeks and Romans. Dechelette's great work, "Manuel d'Archéologie Préhistorique, Celtique et Gallo-Romaine," is, however, available for those who desire a comprehensive account of the metal cultures in Europe.

The present volumes contain lists of sites belonging to each period arranged under countries, full bibliographies, and appendices giving a stratigraphic study of Palæolithic sites and a "Repertory of Palæolithic art." The illustrations are many and good and they, no doubt, explain the kind of paper used which makes the books far too heavy. The author has had a very wide experience as an excavator in France and in other parts of Europe; he is well acquainted with the collections of prehistoric material in European museums; and his knowledge of physical anthropology is that gained through many years of study. He is thus one of the few men qualified to give us an authoritative book upon the complicated subject of man's origin.

The Bowling Green

Little Journeys

I HESITATED before raising the blind, for this was going to be a Moment. I wanted to get the full taste of it. The lower berth was comfortable, I had found a diagonal position that eluded the usual hump in the middle. I had slept well, after some midnight twinges of laughter with the Constant Nymph; I had arranged clothes and toothbrush and razor in careful order where they would be easily at hand. I didn't know exactly what time it was: presumably there had been a change in the clock, but was it earlier or later than my watch? At any rate the thought of grapefruit was present. And now, today, I was to look for the first time on the reality behind two great names—names of romance since my boyhood. Ohio . . . Indiana . . . what lovelier words are there?

I raised the blind. It was a mild, pearly morning: a pale haze lay over wide fields softly silvered with dainty frost. A little gray farmhouse stood among trees, with a barn that asked me to chew MAIL POUCH. A tract of corn stubble dipped down toward a pond, and some small roan pigs were snouting about. It felt like Winesburg, it was as lovely as a dream, I remembered Sherwood Anderson's "Tandy." I knew that Anderson had told the truth, as poets usually do. Perhaps they are the only people you can depend on for the truth. Even the suburbs of Columbus could not dismay me after that first glimpse. I thought of O. Henry in prison in Columbus, and I thought of Omar Khayyam making his first American appearance in that city. On the fences of Xenia I saw bills for "Abie's Irish Rose."

But it is Indiana, not Ohio, that is the burden of my song. How can one decently impart a first impression of Indianapolis? Its very name, so pleasant an amalgam of two different kinds of suggestion (the red man and the Greek) seems to imply its lovable mixture of old-fashioned gentility with our modern pang. Nowhere have I had the happiness to meet such beautiful old ladies, ladies whom one adored at sight and who almost made one wish one might have been young fifty years ago. Could one forget, then, that it was in Indiana that Owen founded his New Harmony when all the world was young? Could one forget that so many poets have found in Indiana glades and valleys a sort of Theocritus voice of pastoral music? There was a perambulating supper held in the statuary hall of a big art museum. Underneath a huge figure of a horse, as big as the Trojan quadruped, tall candles burned on a long table and people in evening dress moved about with salad and coffee. There was a gentleman there who knew Austin Dobson by heart. I don't quite see how to convey what it is my mind, but one had a feeling that these gracious people had kept more closely in touch with the beauty of the past than many of our seaboard wits. It was at Bloomington that I heard the liveliest praise of Tennyson that I have lately encountered; and in a second-hand store in Indianapolis I found Fitzgerald's "Euphranor" which I had long hunted in vain in New York. This second-hand bookshop, incidentally, is conducted with Cromwellian rigor: the proprietor refuses admission to any mere browser, and ejects the customer who does not know exactly what book he wants.

Of course, it is absurd to try, on a basis of a few days' skirmish, to set down any memoranda of a way of living. We none of us know what civilization means, or where it is headed; even the great express trains (with half a dozen new dictionaries in the club and observation cars, to help the passengers solve their cross-word puzzles) utter a voice of strangely uncertain melancholy and defiance. But there are pictures in my mind that seem typical of that city's just and serene temper. On the front door of the Indianapolis Public Library you read the words "Friendly Books Welcome You." I think the delightful librarian was a little shocked when I ventured that all books are not friendly: for some of them indeed are dangerous and savage. But no books could be as friendly as are the Indianapolitans themselves. There was an evening when a dozen or more of us sat round the fire and played Twenty Questions and charades and Intelligence Tests. I think it would have been hard to find, that particular evening, a more innocently hilarious gathering anywhere. In the Intelligence Test the visitor (he might as well admit it) came far down the list of scores. Indianapolis, as befits her reputation as a midwestern Athens, keeps nibbling away at culture. It pleases me to think that one charming lady I met is to read, this week, a paper on Rhythm at her club; and Frank Wicks's Unitarian Church is having an evening with Francis Thompson. That church, which is one of the most genuinely inspiring places I have ever seen, has almost the atmosphere of a living room in an old English country house. There is a smoking room for men in the basement, and the windows, instead of halved saints, are stained with a design representing the foliage of the Tree Ygdrasil. They sing hymns as though they really meant them, and it is as though the company met for a house-party with God. I remember the phrase "the heavenly host."

In this church I heard the soloist singing "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills," and wondered—a little irreverently—what hills? for I hadn't seen any thereabouts. But then Percy Beach, the indefatigable bookseller, drove me over to Bloomington and we saw a lovely rolling country with bronze valleys and hillsides, a cardinal bird flashing like a song escaped from some anthology, and more of those lively russet-colored pigs. In the big courthouse square at Martinsville a buggy and a white horse were standing in the rain. But, greatest thrill of all, the first thing we saw in Bloomington was a poster announcing a Grand Old Time Fiddlers' Contest. "Sew Your Buttons on Tight and Prepare to Laugh." The Grand Capital Prize was to be "Choice of $25 Suit or Overcoat to Fit." And all the stores seemed to be offering special prizes. Faris Bros., meat market, "1 strip of Bacon to fiddler playing Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning, best." Fred W. Rumple "1 gallon red pitted cherries to best fiddler playing Money Musk." College Ave. Motor Co. "1 gallon can Veedol Oil to best fiddler keeping time with his feet." Walk-Over Boot Shop "1 pair woolen hose to best jews harp player." Uncle John's Cabin "2 pumpkin pies to fiddler playing Listen to the Mocking Bird." Siscoe Bros. "1 lady hair cut to longest bobbed hair girl contestant." Lem Howard "1 30x3½ tube to fiddler coming the farthest in a car." Fun in Big Bunches; Doors open at 7:00 P. M., says the bill, and "Explosion Takes Place at 8:00 P. M." Meredith Nicholson tells us in "The Hoosiers" that these fiddling contests were an old Indiana institution, but apparently they are rare nowadays. The manager of the theatre told me that he did not expect many of the college students to be interested in it; but I feel sure that it must have been an occasion as full of the real juices of life as the Cotter's Saturday Night.

The students of Indiana University—if their most intellectual review can be trusted—hanker for more cerebral explosions. "We need," cries an editorial, "for either a year's residence or a series of lectures, the kind of gigantic thinker who would be kicked out of most colleges—a James Harvey Robinson, a Meiklejohn, a Bertrand Russell, a Lewisohn, or a Havelock Ellis." Unterrified youths, they demand (in italics) "*a supreme artist in the realm of ideas.*"

It would be interesting to ponder a little about this. The chief embarrassment of college life is not too few ideas, but too many: Joseph Conrad has insisted that the world as we know it rests on some very old and simple notions; myself I think (again I gather my evidence chiefly from the undergraduate magazines I pored over in the train) that some of our friends have been painfully unsettled by biting off a whole meal of ideas at once. The winged Eros, for instance, seems to be riding them with a cruel spur. When they are just a little older they will be more cautious before deliberately encountering an idea, alone in a dark night. Before you invite a Gigantic Thinker into your family circle it may be well to consider whether you have earned him. If only those who have been ejected from other colleges will do, Shelley and Thoreau will give one enough to sharpen the teeth. I cannot quite believe that the undergraduate epoch is a ripe one for settling all the controversies of current argument. Perhaps at college is the time to enjoy a little innocent tranquillity. Is it Mr. Mencken who has so anxiously discomposed the minds of our young acolytes?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Books of Special Interest

An Experiment

THE DECROLY CLASS. By AMELIE HAMAIDE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by CAROLINE PRATT
City and Country School

THE test of an educational experiment would seem to be in the degree to which it is auto-educative. That is, the education of an individual should more and more be placed in the hands of that individual; he should become more and more able to pursue the processes which will place him on a slightly higher level of development. Whatever our motives I believe this is what those of us who are experimenting in pedagogy are trying to find out: How far we can place the responsibility for educating an individual upon that individual himself. As soon as we face the possibility of auto-education we are stripped of our old methods of procedure. Methods of training and methods of educating are distinct and separated. One cannot continue to direct activities or thought processes. One must find a method through which one can open the way for children to motivate themselves.

From this point of view "The Decroly Class," written by Amelie Hamaide, is a significant contribution to education. Dr. Decroly is quoted as saying: "It is necessary then, that the study of motive conceived in the active sense on a matter of practical experiences and effective utilization of the surroundings, should be the center of a program of subject matter based on pedagogy."

* * *

The important discovery for a child who has opportunity for first hand observation is the inherent relativity of all matter. Behind every fact is an inherently related one. His attempt to use such facts of his own discovery leads him to further discovery and hence further use. This is auto-educative depending upon the teacher only to see that the child does not become stalled in his own material; that he is given material through which he can continue to work out his educative processes. That the Decroly method recognizes this and provides for it is amply illustrated. In a brief summary of the faults "that progressive educators find with the school curriculum in use today" are the following:

1. "No correlation, or too little correlation in the different activities demanded of the child."
2. "Subject matter too little in keeping with fundamental interests of childhood, *and with the evolution of these interests.*"
3. "Division into branches of instruction without regard for the thinking processes natural to childhood."
4. "Too little opportunity for self-initiated individual activity on the child's part."

The book is full of such organization of subject matter. Under the chapter heading, "Observation" we get: (1) incidental observation, and (2) *observations related to the center of interest*, the latter speaking eloquently for itself as auto-educative. Under the chapter heading, "Association" we find the following: "In our lessons of association we try to lead the child to recognize existing relationships between the facts acquired by his own observation and those he may recall from memory or gather at second hand. With this end in view we encourage him to assemble the ideas he may have gained from personal experience, and draw from them his own conclusions, both intellectual and moral." The whole chapter on association is interesting from the point of view of auto-education.

The chapter on "Expression" would be more valuable it seems to me if it admitted such organization as that found in art expression: as sounds in music; form and color and mass in graphic and plastic arts; as play in language; as social expression in drama, etc. Here more than elsewhere the fact comes out that the program is a subject matter program, but as far as I can judge the embryonic art expression of their subject matter findings is left largely to chance; correct representative drawing but organization of form and color ignored; correct logical language expression but not great emphasis upon language as a beautiful medium of expression. I also fail to find that spontaneous play as it comes out in dramatic expression has as yet found a place in these programs.

An inspirational bit of writing is to be found in Jean Lee Hunt's Translator's Introduction, the keynote of which is the interdependence of those of us who are experimenting in education. We have every reason to thank her for bringing this book within our reach.

Among the Hindus

AMONG THE BRAHMINS AND PARIAHS. By J. H. SAUTER. Translated from the German by BERNARD MIALL. Boni & Liveright. 1924. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. KOFOID

HERE are colorful and intimate glimpses into the daily life of the Hindu people as interpreted by one who though alien lived for many years among them and by transfusion became a blood brother of Arun the Brahmin. By even closer bonds he has linked himself to the intellectual and religious moods of this mystical, emotional, passionate people. The environmental contrasts of vast plain and mountain peak, of drouth and flood, of fountains, of fecundity and the plague, of sordid squalor and regal magnificence, are paralleled by the more striking antithesis of the sensualism of the temple life on the one hand and the purity and elevation of the religious teaching on the other. The author's experiences reveal the intenseness of the Hindu. It appears in the fakir who sits immobile in the temple court in the curses of the Kurumba, in the terror these imprecations inspire among the thieving outcasts, in the swami who immuremures himself for fiteen days, in the refinement of ablutions of Brahmin, in the ramifications of the blight of saste, in wifehood and widowhood; in fact, in every human relation. Judicial moderation and proportion are not pre-eminent Hindu qualities. The Indian temple must have a thousand pillars.

The author seeks to create an Indian atmosphere. He does it by eliminating all externals of the customary Occidental interpretations of the Orient. His readers are brought at once without warning into the Brahmin home, into the Calcutta opium den, to the temple of celebration, into the cemetery of the plague-stricken village, into the school of the yogi, and into the gossip and lore of the Road. Since the days of Kim no writer has so widely opened the doors of India to Western eyes or so sympathetically shown us the Indian mind at work on the daily tasks and age-old problems of this intensely interesting people. The translator has carried over into English the graceful and forceful style of the original, a feat which adds much to the atmosphere of the work. Scientific criticism may find flaws in the observations and interpretations of the writer and even charge him with exaggeration or faking—but these are phases of the author's artistry in creating this quite compelling representation of Indian life and characteristics.

An important discovery was recently made at Columbia University. It is an unpublished portion of Sebastiano Serlio's manual of architecture published in the sixteenth century, and said to have great architectural and bibliographical interest, destined to affect the modern judgment of the French Renaissance.

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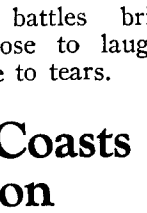

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A Few French Books

By JEAN CATEL

A GREAT number of books on the workmanship of the writer have appeared in France during the year 1924. As far as poetry is concerned, 1924 was more critical than creative. The new year announces "Surréalisme" and promises novelty. It is very likely that if indeed Surréalisme turns out to be a serious thing, as we think it will, the preceding work of the critics will be in part responsible for its birth.

Rhythm has captivated one's attention. Through novelty of rhythm poets and artists have captured novelty of expression. Now rhythm in French verse is not what Amy Lowell, Kreymborg, Sandburg call rhythm. It is Syllabism, that is to say, not only a definite number of syllables, including the mute "e," but also a prearranged succession of the vowels. What the law of this prearrangement is, some metrists have endeavored to find. It is a fact that only a definite succession of vowels —sounds—is responsible for the beauty of such lines as

Vous mourutes aux bords ou vous futes laissée (Racine)
or
Nulle des nymphes, nulle amie ne m'attire. (Valéry.)

Now we thought that syllabism was the law of verse. But, of course, we omitted to reflect that it could not but also be the law of prose. In other words the French line being a succession of two, three, four, five, six, seven . . . twelve syllables, what else could French prose be but verse? Disregarding for the present the law of vowel-sounds and their combination, Monsieur Henri Brémond in a recent volume* studies French prose in the light of the Syllabic law of verse.

The motto of his book is "Heard melodies are sweet." You understand: "those unheard (in ordinary prose) are sweeter." Why should they be sweeter? Simply because they have smuggled themselves into common prose and determined the essential swing of its rhythm.

So far Monsieur Brémond's reasoning seems to be faultless. But we insist that we feel there is a difference between Racine and Anatole France. M. Brémond will grant that. Yet he will take a page out of any prose writer of France and convince you that one special rhythm is to be detected everywhere. It is not the twelve-syllable line, because the so-called "alexandrin" is too obvious and ponderous a rhythm and it is a requisite of the prose-rhythm that it should be unnoticed. It is not the four-syllable line, because it is too short and too light, and very little can be said or suggested in four syllables, unless it be an exclamation. Brémond, after probing manifold passages of prose, comes to the conclusion that the unheard rhythm of French prose is the octosyllabic line, an intermediary between Alexandrin and the shortest kind, and he sings a hymn of praise to that unjustly ignored unit which gave and still gives its special suavity to Pascal's, Chateaubriand's, France's writings. After comparing a few very different prose writers of our "hyper voluntary, hyper conscious" generation he concludes: "So true it is that this fascinating rhythm lends itself with an equal complacency to the most varied themes: a jaunt to Morocco, the anxiety of Fortunio, the panegyric of a saint, . . . and my own ravings."

⁂ ⁂

We have been taught to avoid the rhythm of verse when we write French prose. French people are indeed very particular about this intrusion and Vaugelas himself has warned us in our youthful University days:

> Il faut éviter les vers dans la prose autant qu'il se peut, surtout les vers alexandrins et les vers communs.

But so saying, was he not violating the rule, as his commandment is an acceptable stanza, with a harmony sufficient to satisfy Monsieur Brémond's ear:

Il faut éviter les vers dans la prose,
Autant qu'il se peut,
Surtout les vers alexandrins,
Et les vers communs.

In our time of disputed *vers librism*, the question has been put by a writer whose very prose is one of the most charming written now-a-days. French poets have to look elsewhere than rhythm if they want to differentiate a poetry that conventional patterns no longer characterize.

While the American reading public is enjoying the fine translation of MacOrlin's "On Board the Morning Star," by Malcolm Cowley, the French novelist has given us new romantic tales.* Simone de Montmartre picks up an American sailor in the popular gallery of Olympia in Paris. The end is a sad story: the sailor is murdered by two Parisian *marlous*. MacOrlan uses a method akin to the slow motion of the Cinema. His style is terse, precise, imagistic. His irony is pleasant and ruthless.

MacOrlan's new book is on American Bootlegging.

⁂ ⁂

Monsieur Marcel Arland has all of a sudden reached fame.† He has taken a definite stand against all sham and torn away the veils that conceal the sorrowful heart of modern man: "Our good young men who want to be modern think that the best way to be modern is to repudiate our acquisitions and above all our language."

"La Route Obscure" is intended to be the new confession of the present time youth. It is obvious that Marcel Arland has taken sides with André Gide, against those who have denied that Gide is an influential writer and philosopher. When Arland states: "it is by revolt that our personality affirms itself and one can scarcely judge a man but by his way of accomplishing what the laws of God and humanity have forbidden," we cannot help recognizing the fundamental note of Gide's Immoralism.

But, to be just, we must say that the third part of "La Route Obscure" strikes a new and decidedly anti-æsthetic note. It sounds like the hankering after the definite form of religious faith, which the post-war time has aroused in many a young heart. Already Massis has opened a campaign against the evil influence of Gide. The case of Marcel Arland is interesting inasmuch as it tells of the difficulty for young Frenchmen to reconcile the spirit of revolt and the need for a definite belief.

M. Marcel Arland has added a novel to his book of abstract thought. We hoped for an illustration of the young writer's attitude. It may be that "Etienne" is such a thing, but the object is not clearly worked out, if indeed it was the object of Arland to write the story of a modern soul. Etienne is the son of a noble woman and a *roturier*. His father was forced to commit suicide. His mother is a weak dreamy creature. His uncle (the mother's brother) is the last representative member of a noble family, who cherishes for Etienne nothing but contempt and spite. Etienne seeks refuge in Paris with his mother. But neither the great city nor a weak mother can satisfy the desires of a passionate heart and of a keen mind. His birth weighs upon him. Its curse shall never be removed.

Marcel Arland's style avoids every possible *cliché*. It is indeed a refreshing thought that French prose should be still written according to the best tradition by people of as different tendencies as MacOrlan, and Marcel Arland.

⁂ ⁂

Mr. André Gide's recent book, "Corydon,"‡ has enjoyed no popularity. As a matter of fact, for once, the critics are to blame. Everybody pretends it is a bad book not because it deals with a forbidden subject (the Love of Corydon for Alexis, see Virgil Ecloga Secunda) but because of the pretensions of the volume to scientific treatment and "amoral" contemplation.

The book is in the form of a dialogue. We hear André Gide defending Corydon's thesis by dint of classical allusions, quotations, readings. Plato is naturally a great help to him. The antagonist seems to be submerged under the argument. His reaction is prudent, tentative, weak. We suppose he will be too glad to be persuaded.

The only answer to the book would be on scientific bases, unless a woman should write a parallel defence of what might become a vengeance towards a deserting male.

The book was privately printed in 1911, in a very limited edition of a dozen copies, as becomes a book for intimate friends. Nowadays "La Nouvelle Revue Française" thinks such a restriction does not correspond to reality. And the first edition *a fait des petits*.

Something must, anyway.

*Les Deux Musiques de la Prose. By HENRI BREMOND. Paris: Le Divan.

*Simone de Montmartre. By PIERRE MACORLAN. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.
†La Route Obscure. By MARCEL ARLAND. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.
Etienne, the same.
‡Corydon. By ANDRE GIDE. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

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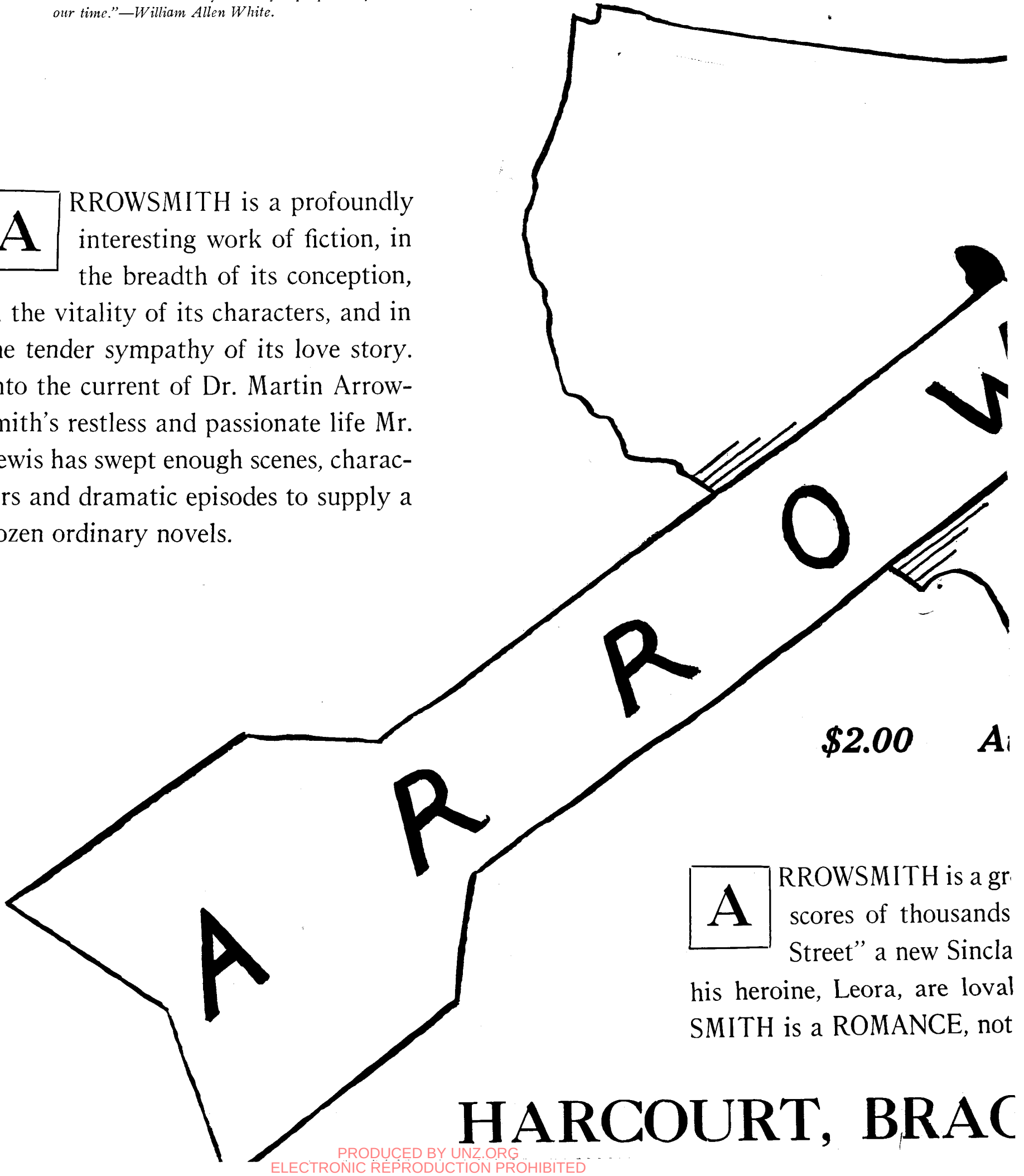

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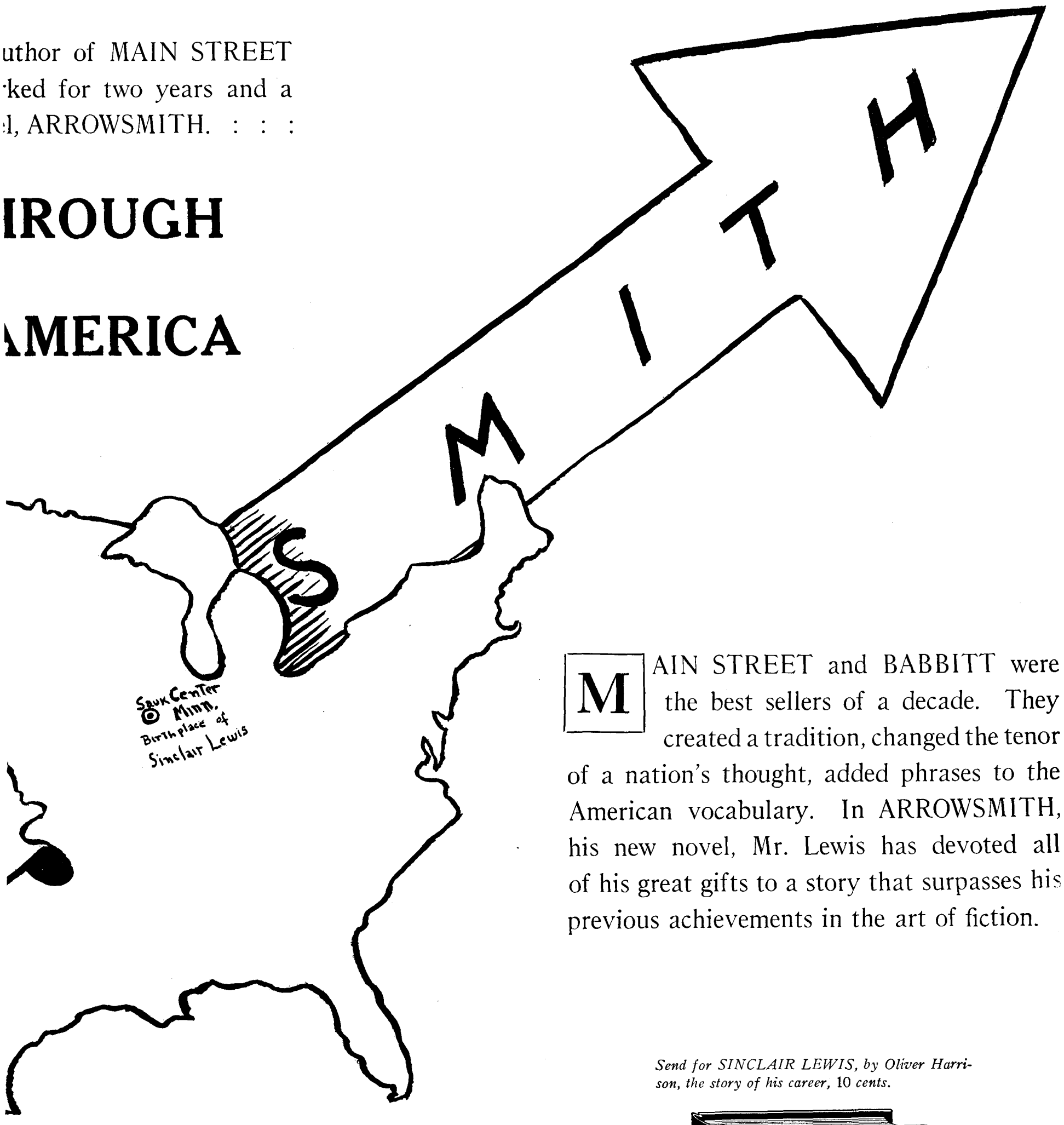

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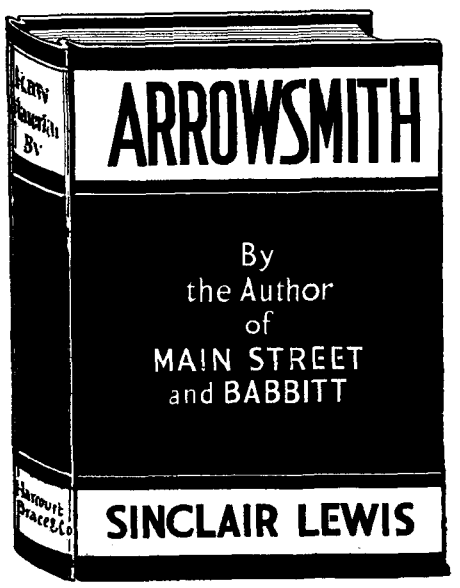

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Foreign Literature

A Father of Revolution

LES RELATIONS DE VOYAGES DU XVII SIECLE ET L'EVOLUTION DES IDEES. Par GEOFFROY ATKINSON. Paris: Librairie Ancienne Edouard Champion.

Reviewed by S. G. ENDORE

THIS is a thoroughly interesting book, which is, I suppose, the highest praise one can pay any book. Mr. Atkinson's theory is that the source of the ideas of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, the so-called "fathers of the French Revolution," is to be found in the books of voyages which became extremely popular in France almost immediately after the first great geographical discoveries. They influenced Montaigne as early as 1580 and after him, in the seventeenth century, Fénelon, Malebranche, Spinoza, Fontenelle, and Bayle, and finally in the eighteenth century, the great philosophers, who borrowed from their predecessors, and had their field prepared by these light books of travels, which were more widely read than the heavier tomes of, say, Spinoza and Bayle. And then, too, the latter had difficulties with the censor, which the former managed to escape, because their seditious thoughts were hidden among much other matter, and often variously disguised. Just as Montesquieu and Voltaire did later, these voyagers by criticizing foreign customs and pagan religions directed attacks against France and Catholicism.

For instance, the idea of original sin was attacked by statements that the savage mother arose immediately after child-birth and washed herself and her child. These savages had also no conception of shame and went around naked, and were not therefore any more lascivious, in fact less so, than the women of France. Thus were forged many of the weapons later to be used so effectively. For example, the idea of progress, the conception of the "good savage" (long before "Friday," and ages before Rousseau), the "Chinese sage" (c. f. Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*), the actual existence of deistic peoples, and pagan religions with virgin-births, and also regions where the people lived in liberty, equality and fraternity, and were not Christians. From this storehouse of facts and fancy, the philosophers borrowed the examples which so considerably strengthened their works. From here, too, authors gathered material for their many romantic stories of Utopias, and other authors came here to plagiarize and improve upon the actual travels and construct more exciting and pleasing works. All these books, real, Utopian, and imaginary had large sales and went through many editions.

In considering the growth of ideas, Mr. Atkinson does not attach sufficient importance to human psychology which always juxtaposes opposites, thinks of freedom when under tyranny, dreams of riches when poor, and imagines a perfect world when he lives in one that is far from so. True, Mr. Atkinson is dealing with the influence of books of travel, and not why they sold so well, but one might wish that he had omitted some of the numerous repetitions, and devoted the space to a more thorough discussion of the reasons why the French were then so interested in travel, so determined to see the good side of life in foreign countries, so anxious to be instructed by savages, while other people and travellers in other times before and after saw little to praise or imitate.

On the whole one must commend Mr. Atkinson's perspective. The examining of a small topic has not made him myopic. Mr. Atkinson is, I suppose, an American. He writes in a brittle, choppy style, but his ideas are at all times expressed in clear grammatical French.

Foreign Notes

A VOLUME that should prove of much interest to students of history and geography has recently been issued in Cairo as the fifth volume of the Mémoires de la Societé Royale de Géographie d'Egypte. "La Découverte de l'Afrique au Moyen Age," by Charles de la Roncière, contains a large number of mediæval maps with accompanying commentary upon the history of mediæval explorations in Africa. In the course of its more specifically geographic exposition, M. Roncière's book presents lively and interesting accounts of more general character, including, in especial, a discussion of pre-mediæval knowledge of Africa. The book is a work of much erudition.

Captain A. Thomazi, who was Chief of Staff of Admiral Ronarch, commander from 1916 to the end of the war of the French forces engaged in the task of safeguarding the British troops and supply ships that so constantly passed and repassed through the Channel, has now issued a chronicle of that service based on official records. "La Guerre Navale dans la Zone des Armées du Nord" (Paris: Payot) is a record of high achievement, one which not only bears witness to the courage and skill of the French but to the amicable relations that existed between them and their British allies.

England is about to have another review in *The Calendar of Modern Letters*, the first number of which is to be issued in March. The monthly will be edited by Edgell Rickword, and will include among contributors to early numbers Bertrand Russell, D. H. Lawrence, Desmond MacCarthy, Aldous Huxley, W. J. Turner, Robert Graves, Siegfried Sassoon, and A. E. Coppard.

What is said to be a powerful study of military idealism in its best aspects is the volume in which André Maurois, author of "Les Silences de Colonel Bramble," answers Jean de Pierrefeu's "Plutarque a Menti." "Dialogues sur le Commandement" (Paris: Grasset) is in the form of a dialogue in which a young soldier presents his point of view to a philosopher who differs from his theses. It is written with spirit and grace, and is of interest to a general public as well as to one specifically interested in the problem of militarism.

Charles de la Roncière, the historian of the French Navy, has issued a volume, entitled "La Carte de Christophe Colomb" (Paris: Champion), in which he sets forth what he is convinced is an important discovery. He is certain that he has found the original map used by Columbus on his first voyage to the west, the very one which the explorer showed to the Spanish sovereigns. He produces the map—unfortunately the impression is, doubtless owing to the faded character of the original, very indistinct—and sets forth his reasons for believing in its importance and genuineness. The chart has not been unknown to other students, but its significance has not been evident to them. M. de la Roncière's thesis will doubtless find many to take exception to it.

Lucien Fabre, whose "Rabevel" made his name known in this country as well as in his own, has issued a volume of essays entitled "Bassesse de Venise" (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française). The book contains three essays, one of which, the description of an airplane flight from Strasburg to Belgrade, is said to be a remarkable piece of writing.

The Freudian method has now been applied to that forceful figure in French literary annals, Mme. de Stael. In his "Madame de Stael: La Vie dans l'Oeuvre" (Paris: Champion), David Glass Larg attempts an interpretation of the author of "Corinne" not only on the basis of what she said, but also on that of what she left unsaid. He applies the psychological method to her various works, with interesting results.

Another volume has been added to the already vast literature on Balzac in André Bellesort's "Balzac et Son Oeuvre" (Paris: Perrin). The work is in the main a biographical sketch with a number of chapters outlining the contents and character of the novelist's works. It makes little attempt at criticism, but presents a lively portrait of the man.

"Die Befreiung Ostpreussens," the second volume of the German official history, entitled "Der Weltkrieg 1914 bis 1918," has recently been published (Berlin: Mittler). It covers the operations in East Prussia u pto the middle of September, 1914, embracing discussion of the plan of campaign, developments before Hindenburg's arrival, the Battle of Tannenberg, and the Battle of the Masurian Lakes. Despite its official character, it is a narrative little documented

New Crowell Fiction

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Announcement

We'll risk the scoffs of the sophisticated by declaring that more people were interested in the little news story about how careful President Coolidge is to wear rubbers on wet days than in his scholarly address on the Budget. Naturally and humanly enough. It's the intimate side of The Great that beguiles us. And that is what makes biography and memoirs so fascinating. For all around enjoyment, we'll stack up Fuchs, Corbett and Minnigerode against any six novels of the season. They present a glittering array of notables, off stage, with halos checked, and in a confidential mood.

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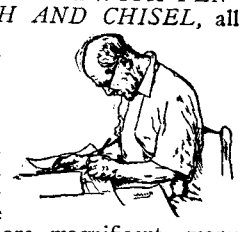

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

GETTING A LAUGH AND OTHER ESSAYS. By CHARLES HALL GRANDGENT. Harvard University Press. 1924. $2.

"These rambling meditations," says Professor Grandgent in his preface, "bear witness to occasional hours of relaxation in the busy life of the last three years." That is an accurate but far from complete account of these essays. They are discursive and they are obviously written for the fun of it; in addition, moreover, they bear witness to a singularly full and well-spent life. They have all the charm of casual conversation with a remarkably genial and humorous gentleman, who has traveled widely and read widely, and observed all things with shrewdness. They are personal and reminiscent, ranging from adventure in the barrooms of Williams, Arizona, to Christmas cards and the superstitions of childhood. They are written with ease and with wit.

FIELDS OF GLORY. By *Russell H. Conwell.* Revell. $1.25.

SUPERLATIVES. By *Grant C. Knight.* Knopf. $2 net.

ART AND MAN. By *C. Anstruther-Thomson.* Dutton. $4.

TRADITION AND JAZZ. By *Fred Lewis Vattel.* Century. $2.

Biography

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE. By JAMES B. FORGAN. New York: Bankers Publishing Co. 1924. $6.

Mr. Forgan tells his life story with a bare and methodical simplicity, an adherence to its purely financial activities, which gives us scarcely any view at all of the personal man apart from his work. For over thirty years he has been closely connected with powerful Chicago banking institutions, a directing force in their growth and prosperity, so his business career is related in the terms by which he traces the history of these vast enterprises.

It would be difficult to imagine material success won by a more logical and consistent devotion to constructive hard work than Mr. Forgan's. Yet, it seems to us that an eminent man himself is far more interesting than his work, and we, therefore, wish that Mr. Forgan's recollections dealt more with his human, intimate side than with the impressive figures of his worldly success.

THE LAST OF A RACE. By *De Mercy Argenteau,* Princesse de Montglyon. Doran. $4. net.

A SOLDIER'S MEMORIES. By *Sir George Younghusband.* Dutton. $6.

REMINISCENCES. Written by *Mr. Horace Walpole* in 1788. Oxford University Press.

A BRIDGEMAN OF THE CROSSWAYS. By *Justin Heresford, Jr.* Marshall Jones.

MY DIARY 1915-17. By *Benito Mussolini.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

SAMUEL BUTLER. By *C. C. M. Joad.* Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.

MICHAEL FARADAY By *Wilfrid L. Randell.* Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.

LORD LISTER. By *Cuthbert Dukes.* Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.

WILLIAM HARVEY. By *R. B. Hervey Wyatt.* Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. By *Madeline Linford.* Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By *Gwen John.* Small Maynard. $1.75 net.

Drama

TOO MUCH MONEY. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Macmillan. 1925. $1.50.

Mr. Zangwill is an uncommonly clever man, with notable gifts of irony, wit, and satire, but humor is not one of his strong points. In his case it is too apt to assume the form of wild exaggeration. This is the trouble with this farcical piece in which the effect of much very smart and occasionally brilliant dialogue is greatly lessened by the extravagance of both characters and incidents. Even in farce there ought to be some approach to the plausible. In a prefatory note he explains that he wrote it to find relief from the tragic tension of war time and this doubtless accounts for the fact that the whole thing is far more suggestive of labor than inspiration. The motive of it is not entirely new. It tells the tale of an enormously wealthy capitalist, who pretends to be ruined in order to bring to her senses a lackadaisical wife, who thinks herself neglected, and him a Philistine, because he will not sympathize with her affected devotion to prehistoric art and other fashionable foibles. The result of the experiment is that she is magically transformed into a most energetic and capable financier, who, supposing her husband to be a pauper, insists on maintaining him in luxury, while she foots the bills and treats him as an infantile nonentity. Mr. Zangwill knows his theatre, and has been able to accumulate a rapid succession of broadly comical but entirely arbitrary situations, which individually are amusing enough, but in its entirety the piece is too preposterous to invite serious comment. The literary adornment is scarcely compensation for the cheapness of the dramatic fabric.

OLD ENGLISH. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Scribners. 1925. $1.

This play, although it has acting qualities which have made it successful on the stage, is not good Galsworthy. The chief strength of it resides in the central character which is drawn with great vigor and consistency. Apart from this fine bit of work, there is little in the piece worthy of the great reputation and indisputable ability of the author. Even the motive which inspired the writing of it is not entirely clear, although, presumably, the dominant figure of old Sylvanus Heythorp is presented as the embodiment of that unscrupulous egotism which, when triumphant, not only covers a multitude of sins, but is apt to be regarded as one of the chief national virtues. The delineation is rich in irony and satire, but the dramatic enviroment is conventional and insignificant.

Heythorp is a man with the manner and morals of the fourth George, but a much more liberal allotment of brains. A dignified old reprobate, he has led a double life. In Liverpool he has been a merchant prince, elsewhere the gayest of free livers. At eighty, though reputed wealthy, he is practicaly a bankrupt, an illustrious "guinea pig," subsisting chiefly on the fees of the various directorships conferred upon him in recognition of his known business capacity and his supposed impeccability. Over all opposition he rides roughshod. He is the personification of imperturbable bluff. When confronted with the necessity of providing for his illegitimate family, he secures funds, by a gross betrayal of trust and blackmailing his most intimate friend, being careful, however, to keep outside the clutches of the law. When a sharp lawyer—a defrauded creditor—accidentally stumbles upon his secret and threatens him with exposure, he defies him to do his worst, pointing out that he has no evidence and will be met by the lie direct. Then, hard, wilful, selfish to the last in the face of impending disgrace and disaster, heedless of medical warnings and the expostulations of his legitimate daughter whom he despises for her piety, he sits down to drown care in forbidden port and brandy, and so dies in a fit of apoplexy.

So the play closes, without definite issue, at loose ends. There is a moral, of course, in the spectacle of the abrupt snuffing out of an ill-spent and unlovely life, and the questions prompted by it, but one that is scarcely dramatically complete. And the plot and subsidiary personages are—for Galsworthy—somewhat trite and trivial. But the one outstanding portrait, if a trifle exaggerated, is powerful and vital, and not without its prototypes in an earlier, if not in this generation. Moreover, it offers magnificent opportunities to the actor.

HURRICANE. By *Olga Petrova.* Four Seas.

THE CALL OF THE NIRVANA. By *Rudolf Broda.* Four Seas.

PROCESSIONAL. By *John Howard Lawson.* Seltzer. $2.

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GERMAN TRADE ASSOCIATIONS; THE COAL KARTELL. By *Archibald H. Stockder.* Holt.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE SHOE INDUSTRY. By *Augusta Emile Galster.* Ronald Press.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN TRADE UNIONS, 1880-1923. By *Leo Wolman.* New York: National Bureau of Economic Research.

THE ELEMENTS OF RAILWAY ECONOMIES. By *Sir William M. Acworth.* Oxford University Press.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE SHOE INDUSTRY. By *Augusta Emile Galster.* Ronald.

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The New Books

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An Essay Towards a Philosophy of Education. By *Charlotte M. Mason.* London: Kegan Paul.

Literature and Living. By *Rollo L. Lyman and Howard C. Hill.* Scribners. $1.48

Fiction

Geoffry Hamlyn. By *Henry Kingsley.*. Oxford.

God of Might. By *Elias Tobenkin.* Minton, Balch.

The Barbarian. By *Wadsworth Camp.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

The Circle of the Stars. By *Joan Sutherland.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Boxer and Beauty. By *Alfred Ollivant.* Doubleday, Page.

Whither. By *Dawn Powell.* Small, Maynard.

The Missing Millions. By *Edgar Wallace.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

Where the Twain Met. By *Herbert G. Woodworth.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

History

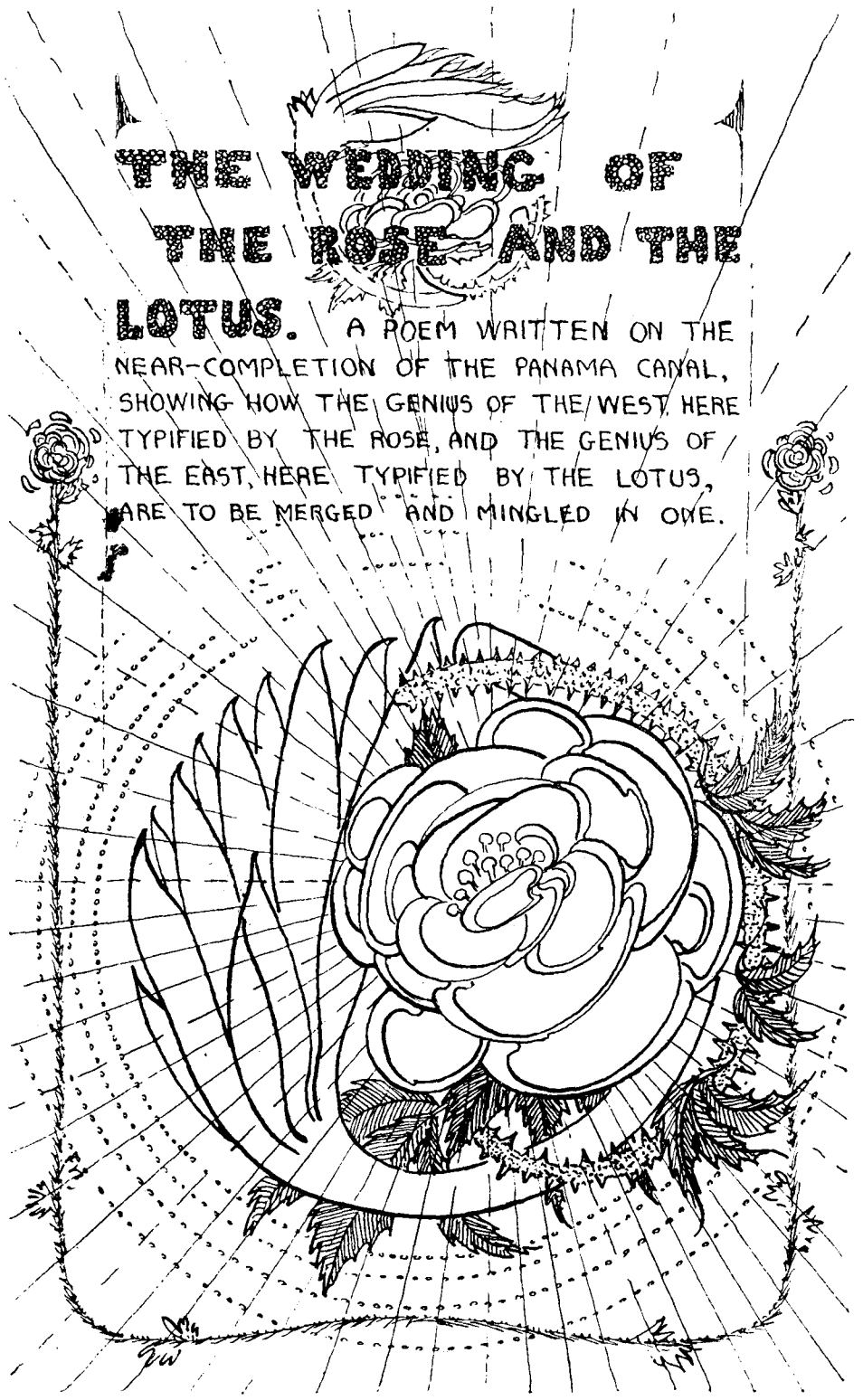
THE HISTORY OF THE TEMPLE, LONDON. By J. Bruce Williamson. Dutton. 1924. $8.

Here is a special subject written with a broad sweep, a balanced vision which opens to the reader much of the history of England. The spirit of the book is zestful, and though the pages are heaped with details, the reading is easy and delightful. It is the type of book to which one will turn gratefully after a deluge of fiction. There are parts written, indeed, with the color and sense of dramatic values found only in the best of novels. Especially is the section dealing with mediæval England, and the rise of the Knights Templars, vivid and absorbing. The book is a valuable addition to any library.

The Famous Hystory of Herodotus. Translated into English by *B. R.* (Tudor Translations). Knopf.

Geographical Lore of the Time of the Crusades. By *John Kirtland Wright.* American Geographical Society.

History of American Idealism. By *Gustavus Myers.* Boni & Liveright. $3.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Decoration for "The Rose and the Lotus" to appear in the new edition of "Collected Poems" by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan).

The Judgment of Paris. By *Carleton Kemp Allen.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

The Come-Back. By *M. D. C. Crawford.* Minton, Balch. $2.

The Shadow Captain. By *Emilie Benson Knipe* and *Alden Arthur Knipe.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

Marie Grubbe. By *J. P. Jacobsen.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

The Life of Henri Brulard. By *Henry Beryle-Stendhal.* Translated by *Catherine A. Phillips.* Knopf. $3 net.

'49. By *George L. Cronyn.* Dorrance. $2.

Lucienne. By *Jules Romains.* Translated by *Waldo Frank.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

His Wife-in-Law. By *Marie Conway Oemler.* Century. $2.

Sturly. By *Pierre Custot.* Translated by *Richard Aldington.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Flying Osip. Stories of New Russia. New York: International Publishers.

The Carolinian. *By Rafael Sabatini.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Martha. By *Percy Marks.* Century. $2.

The Low Road. By *Isabella Holt.* Macmillan.

Andrea Thorne. By *Sylvia Chatfield Bates.* Duffield. $2 net.

The Loring Mystery. *By Jeffrey Farnol.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

International

Bolshevism's Terrible Record. By *Maitre Aubert.* Small, Maynard. $1 net.

Coal and Civilization. By *E. C. Jeffrey.* Macmillan. $2.50.

The Dominion of Sea and Air. By *Enid Scott Rankin.* Century. $2.50.

Farm Life Abroad. By *E. C. Branson.* University of North Carolina Press. $2.

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NORTH AMERICA. By *J. Russell Smith*. Harcourt, Brace.

SYLLABUS ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By *Parker Thomas Moon*. Macmillan.

BUILDERS OF PEACE. By *H. M. Swanwick*. London: Swarthmore Press.

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SUN YAT SEN AND THE CHINESE REPUBLIC. By *Paul Linebarger*. Century. $4.

Pamphlets

CRIME: ITS BIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY. By *Duren J. H. Ward*. Denver, Colo.: Up the Divide Publishing Co., 958 Ancona St.

THE VALIANT. A PLAY. By *Holworthy Hall* and *Robert Midlemass*. Summit, N. J.: Norman Lee Swartout.

TEACHERS' MANUAL FOR USE WITH THE COMMON SENSE OF MUSIC. By *Sigmund Spaeth*. Boni & Liveright.

BUSINESS LETTERS IN ISAAC PITMAN SHORTHAND. No. 2. Pitman.

MEDICAL CERTIFICATION FOR MARRIAGE. By *Fred S. Hall*. Russell Sage Foundation.

Philosophy

ETHICS: ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT. By *Prince Kropotkin*. Dial. $4.

A COURSE IN PHILOSOPHY. By *George Perrigo Conger*. Harcourt, Brace.

TELEPATHY AND CLAIRVOYANCE. By *Rudolf Teschner*. Harcourt, Brace.

THE MENTALITY OF APES. By *Wolfgang Köhler*. Harcourt, Brace.

HERMETICA. Ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus. Edited by *Walter Scott*. Vol. I. Oxford. $10.

PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM. By *James H. Leuba*. Harcourt, Brace.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EMOTION. By *John T. MacCurdy*. Harcourt, Brace.

EXPERIENCE AND NATURE. By *John Dewey*. Open Court. $3.

THE GROWTH OF THE MIND. By *K. Koffka*. Harcourt, Brace.

MAN AND HIS AFFAIRS. By *Walter N. Polakov*. Williams & Wilkins. $2.50.

Poetry

FLAME AND DUST. By VINCENT STARRETT. Chicago: Covici. 1924.

Pascal Covici produces some beautiful books, and he has brought out Vincent Starrett's poems in a sumptuous limited edition of four hundred and fifty numbered copies. Mr. Starrett is a well-known dilletante of letters, who has published volumes of poems and short stories before this, has edited *The Wave* in entertaining fashion in Chicago, and has collected the fugitive pieces of Arthur Machen. His poetry is half clever journalism and half rather better stuff. But when he paraphrases the Canticles in metre and rhyme we perceive the infinite distance between true poetry and agile verse. Starrett is really at his best when at his lightest. Eugene Field might have praised this trifle addressed to "My Chair":

The favorite of all my chairs
Is this old wicker rocker,
For here I sit, from noon to prayers,
And read from Knickerbocker:
And when I leave its snug embrace
It creaks a doleful measure,
But when I drop back in my place
It almost bursts with pleasure.

TRUTH AND MUSIC. By ALLAN DOWLING. New York: Published by the Author. 1924. $1.

This is a volume of early verses. It would have been better for the poet to have awaited more artistic maturity before publishing. There seems to be very little promise here.

ASHES OF ROSES. By MARGORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE. New York: Rider Press. 1924.

Miss Greenbie has, before this, won a Yale University Prize and published "In the Eyes of the East" and "Wordsworth's Poetic Diction." But her poetry is but mediocre. It does not rise above the level of most privately printed volumes.

MILTON'S POEMS 1645. New York: Oxford Press. 1924. $3.50.

This edition is a type-facsimile of the 1645 edition of Milton's poems both Latin and English. There are notes to the Latin poems by Professor Ganod and a few to the Italian poems by Professor Foligno. The book is beautifully bound in vellum and was set up from rotographs of the Bodleian copy, and the proofs compared with the three copies in the British Museum. "The purpose of this reprint," we quote the preface, "is to put into readers' hands a book resembling as closely as may be the book which Milton saw."

THE MARBLE FAUN. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. Four Seas. 1924. $1.50.

An attractively-made book by a young poet who has led a varied and venturesome life. He is a Southerner, having been born in Mississippi. His verse is fluent and meditative, with an occasional phrase of beauty and an occasional flaw in the rhyming. Not much more can be said. He does not strain for effects, but, on the other hand, his sensitiveness to the poetic possibilities of the language is not sufficiently developed.

VOLUME TWO. By GRANT HYDE CODE. Published by the author. 1924.

Mr. Code opens his slight paper-bound collection with some mediocre sapphics. "The High Place at Marib," which follows is more sonorous and striking. "Nenette Dances," treated somewhat in the manner of E. E. Cummings, is rather successful—if you care for the technique. "Necromancy" is not without a certain glamour, and "Burnt Musk and Balsam" rather exhilarating in its spontaneous vandalism advised in the case of old rare poets. Mr. Code objects to the "mole-eyed reader" whose "candle offends starlight." But unfortunately poetry is not written merely by yielding to a reckless impulse to do a fandango in the moonlight. And the great poems of the past are not simply "drugged spices." It would improve Mr. Code's own verse to sit down and reread them—carefully.

BERRIES OF THE BITTERSWEET. By ADELE DE LEEUW. Brimmer. 1924. $1.50.

Miss De Leeuw is, on the whole, a quiet poet. She is stirred by the far summoning of beauty, but "I've a wanderer's heart in a Puritan breast" confesses the conflict that turns her ardor upon the simpler aspects of life—save in the moments of "Mutiny," or in the deep-wrung sonnet that ends

You would be constant for us both, you said—
Oh love, remember that when I am dead!

These frequent moments of rebellion, expressing a desire apparently stemmed in life, give the poems a power that has not been spent in action, a suggestion of stored energy, serene as unused dynamite. To her

The sum of knowledge and of certainty
Is, after all, a very paltry thing.

One feels the premonitory tremors before the quaking of the earth; the mountain labors: what it will bring forth we await Miss De Leeuw's next volume to tell.

THE BOND OF POETRY. Selected by J. J. STABLE. Oxford. 1924. 85 cents

In the brief but terse and vigorous preface to this anthology, Mr. Stable issues a gallant appeal for a more respectful conception of the poet, for a conception of the poet not as a vain eccentric or "idle dreamer," but as one of the master-builders of society, one of those who influence the thoughts and actions of their fellows so vitally that their handiwork is to be seen in the very sinews of nations and the woof and fabric of the world. But poetry, to be effective, should be properly instilled into the minds of the young, should be brought before them not as a dead thing, but as a thing full of life and frought with relationships to actual experience; and it is in support of this conception that Mr. Stable has compiled his anthology, an anthology designed primarily for students of Australian secondary schools and yet valuable for the young of any English-speaking land. The selections, which include many of the classic poems of English literature as well as some of the most distinctive work of Australian writers, are chosen with taste and with a competent regard for what is best in poetry, and will serve excellently their purpose of guidance for the young.

VOICES OF THE WIND. By VIRGINIA MCCORMICK. White. 1924.

There is a type of poetry that cannot justly be ranked as distinctive and cannot justly be stigmatized as poor—a type of poetry that never rises to flawless and enraptured utterance and yet never descends to mere crudity of presentation or mere prosiness of subject-matter. Such is the work included in Virginia McCormick's "Voices of the Wind." While the author writes as capably as a majority of the better-known

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

women poets of the country, and while the volume is one that will repay perusal by the lover of poetry, yet Miss McCormick never seems able to set foot solidly upon the heights, and is always striving for a goal she never quite succeeds in attaining. There is music in her work, there is emotional fervor, there is sincerity, there is the touch of beauty and the spirit of things poetic; and yet somehow one misses the power of the master craftsman who contrives to blend her words and her thoughts so compellingly that one is borne away whether one will or not, and is carried along irresistibly on the current of the author's mind and imagination.

KONRAD WALLENROD. By *Adam Michiewicz*. Translated by *Jewell Parish, Dorothea Prall Radin, George Rapall Noyes* and others. University of California Press.

ULYSSES RETURNS. By *Roselle Mercier Montgomery*. Brentano's. $1.50.

MAC FLECKNOE. By *John Dryden*. Oxford. $1.50.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. By *Thomas Gray*. Oxford. $1.20.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS. By *William Shenstone*. Oxford. $1.85.

MARTIAL: THE TWELVE BOOKS OF EPIGRAMS. Translated by *J. A. Pott* and *F. A. Wright*. Dutton. $5.

SELECTED POEMS. By *Austin Dobson*. Oxford.

THE POEMS OF LEROY TITUS WEEKS.

Science

FUNGI AND HUMAN AFFAIRS. By W. A. MCCUBBIN. World Book Company. 1924.

Organisms so small that they may be detected only under the microscope, and yet powerful enough to raise bread, brew beer, and decimate populations by disease; larger ones that are violently poisonous, or a delicious food, and all the myriad organisms of fermentation and decay—these make up that class of plants known as fungi. Their importance in causing smuts and rusts on cereals is such that hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent annually in combatting their effects. Around such a subject there is a large and important literature. The present volume is merely a small and unimportant nibble at the fringe, instructive and possibly coaxing the reader to stauncher fare.

X-RAYS AND CRYSTAL STRUCTURE. By *Sir W. H. Bragg and W. L. Bragg*. Harcourt, Brace.

JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SCIENCES. Vol. IX. Boston: Faxon. $2 net.

EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By *Max Born*. Translated by *Henry L. Brose*. Dutton. $5.

THE DECLINE OF MAN. By *Stanton A. Coblentz*. Minton, Balch.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. By *J. W. U. Sullivan*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

Travel

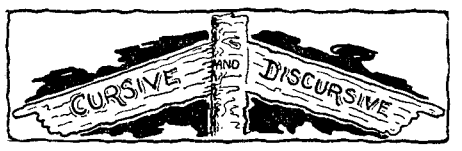
ROUND THE WORLD. By FRANK HEDGES BUTLER. Stokes. 1925. $5 net.

This is an amusing book. That the author is unaware of the fact is, probably, its greatest charm.

Mr. Butler discovers the United States, Hawaii, Japan, China, Singapore, Spain, Portugal, the Canary Islands, Brazil, the Falkland Islands, the Straits of Magellan, Peru, the Panama Canal, Cuba, Florida, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Java, Bali, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, Tahiti, and Canada, and intersperses fact about the rise of land values on Regent Street in London. And he accomplishes all this in 222 pages of fine, large type. It is indeed an achievement.

His observations on the manners and customs of peoples he has encountered are invaluable. Allow me to quote a typical passage: "Fruit eating is a great institution with the Americans, as they are not allowed to drink alcohol, or, indeed, smoke cigarettes in some of their states. Instead of cigarette smoking, American girls have acquired the ugly habit of chewing gum, making the ugliest contortions with their mouths like rabbits."

Mr. Frank Hedges Butler has, for many years, been a successful wine merchant of London, but Messrs. Baedeker and Muirhead had better be warned. To be sure, they have a reputation for accuracy, but our author has the advantage of a delightful, naive humor, reminiscent of the Dorothy Dix dailies.



WE might talk about *Harry Liscomb*, the boy novelist, or *Governor Smith's* cross-word puzzle, or what author has corn beef hash for breakfast, but we're not going to. The advertisements always get ahead of you on these things. We have decided to read *Edgar Wallace's* latest mystery story, "The Missing Millions" because we see that *Douglas Goldring* says his books keep you awake with thrills. And, to be absolutely inconsecutive, *Frances Cornford* and *Hildegarde Flanner* are two poets of slight volumes that we have set up in our private Parthenon. Frances Cornford is not a new poet and Hildegarde Flanner *is* a comparatively new poet. But neither has yet received, in our opinion, the proper encomium. Turning up Frances's "Autumn Midnight" in our dusty files, a little pamphlet published by the London Poetry Bookshop in 1923, we were again refreshed by it. Take, casually (as she takes it) her

RHYME FOR A PHONETICIAN

Brave English language, you are strong as trees,
Yet intricate and stately—Thus one sees
Through branches clear-embroidered stars. You please
Our sense as damask roses on the breeze,
And barns that smell of hay, and bread and cheese.
Rustic yet Roman—yours are dignities
Sonorous as the sea's sound. On my knees
I would give thanks for all your words. Yet these
—Our legacy and our delight—he'd squeeze
And nip and dock and drill, to write with ease
Comershulmemozfawthepawchoogeese.

The melodramatic autobiography of *De Mercy Argenteau, Princesse de Montglyon*, took us by surprise, and we had romped through it before we stopped to wonder whether in so doing we wasted our time or no. Our verdict is that it is exceedingly easy to read and better than any Movie. Probably it should not have been written and published, and probably this is just why we so enjoyed it. Meretricious, perhaps, but a life-story intensely alive. Literature? Not at all. But a fascinating exotic. "Ouida" would have loved it. *Stark Young* says that *John Heard's* translation of "La Princesse Lointaine," now appearing, is the best rendering of *Rostand* that he has seen in English. And now for the first time available in this country is "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio," translated by *Herbert A. Giles*. This is the "Arabian Nights" of China. The author, *P'u Sung-Ling*, was born in 1622, but it was not until after his death, in 1740, that the first edition of his masterpiece appeared in China. *Donn Byrne* has gone to Syria on *St. Paul's* trail. But we fear he won't catch up. We disagree violently with most of what *Fred Lewis Pattee* says about poetry in his new "Tradition and Jazz." And Pattee is no slouch of a writer; so you see how remarkable we are! But then few except poets can write properly of poetry. Most critics wish to imprison the genie in a hazelnut. It is so even with devout appreciation, which is the fault of *Anne Kimball Tuell's* "*Mrs. Meynell* and her Literary Generation." But, on occasion, how very neatly Miss Tuell can write, as when she rises to a poetic line herself, with "'In Autumn' trembles with the threat and scruple in all loveliness." If the phrase "the threat and scruple in all loveliness" is not true poetry and deep wisdom, we know nothing of either. Here's *Oliver Herford* collaborating with *Karl Schmidt* in a three-act farce, "What'll You Have?" a new departure for Oliver; and our best literary advisor advises us that *Osbert Sitwell's* "Triple Fugue" is a most brilliant volume; and we regard the publication of *E. E. Cummings's* "XLI Poems" as an interesting new poetic event; and we understand, again from our b. l. a. that *May Sinclair's* new story of a small English parish, "The Rector of Wyck," is most sad and touching. Miss Sinclair has now turned to the obverse of "A Cure of Souls," in order to complete the picture of parish life. She has wrought with a sad sincerity in this second aspect. The Bonis have brought out a new novel dealing with English school life from the point of view of the modern young man who enters it as an inexperienced teacher. It reveals most of the tedium and the sordidness. It is written rather cleverly. The author is *Paul Selver*. Adios!

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

ARROWSMITH. By *Sinclair Lewis.* (Harcourt, Brace.)

SECOND APRIL. By *Edna St. Vincent Millay.* (Harpers.)

SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR. By *Samuel Gompers.* (Dutton.)

The circulating library at Sodus, N. Y., has a firm demand for "pleasant books about likable people"; they supply it with novels by Grace Richmond, Temple Bailey, and Grace Livingston Hill, and with "So Big," "Madame Claire," and "The Home MaMker"; how about some new ones?

IT is a curiously varied collection of novels that I have just assembled on the desk-top on a call with such requirements. There is, for instance, a tale as high in literary quality as "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday, Page), pleasing the critics, charming anyone who can feel the pathos of youth, but more especially satisfying the more sophisticated. "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern (Knopf), belongs here; a family chronicle as well-sustained as that of the Forsytes, and much more effervescent. On the terms, Laurence Meynell's "Mockbeggar" (Appleton) could come in; on the surface this brilliant talk is pleasant enough, to ears that do not catch its post-war fatigue and fatalism, and anyone would like the people. "Matilda, Governess of the English," by Sophia Clough (Macmillan), is a smiling story built of all the pet delusions of old-fashioned novel-readers, the governess-heroine who marries the noble lord, even the dear dream of a bride substituted for another at the altar unbeknownst—and it actually gets away with it if you keep right on reading. "The Low Road," by Isabella Holt (Macmillan), is just off the press; a family of unreasonably charming folks with a talent for the unexpected and positive genius for light conversation. This author wrote, some time since, "The Marriotts and the Powells," another story of American home life, and like this with qualities so unusual one wonders what the third novel may be. "Bill the Conqueror" (Doran) is by Pelham Wodehouse and that ought to be enough for the right-minded. The American reading public has much for which to thank Mr. Wodehouse, but it should really make some public recognition of his ability—alone among his compatriots—to use American slang with the same delicacy and precision of *nuance* with which he employs that of his native land. "Mother Mason," by Bess Streeter Aldrich (Appleton), is a set of stories making a continuous narrative of an amusing average American family with a sensible mother. "With This Ring," by Fanny Heaslip Lea (Dodd, Mead), is one of those stories that ought to be so, about a girl who buys a wedding ring and takes a vacation in a big city, a fictitious Mrs. giving her the same charm as attaches to the hat on the counter on which some other shopper has laid her hand. E. Phillips Oppenheim, deserting for the moment the ways of crime, is back among the best sellers with "The Inevitable Millionaires" (Little, Brown) in which two well-meaning middle-aged gentlemen of means find it impossible to spend their incomes—until one of them marries. I could never read Oppenheim through until this one and this one I read with real amusement, if that counts for anything. "Dominie's Hope," by Amy McLaren (Putnam), has a mild mystery element, but the feature is that the fun in it is Scotch, and somehow if a thing is funny anyway it is ten times funnier in Scotch dialect. "Desert Brew," by B. M. Bower (Little, Brown), is exciting Wild West stuff, and, like all this writer does, rippling with fun. "Red of the Redfields," by Grace Richmond (Doubleday, Page); "Peacock Feathers," by Temple Bailey (Penn), and "Re-creations," by Grace Livingston Hill (Lippincott), these readers evidently have, but the names go in to keep the record straight. If I were making this collection for a circulating library I should put in "Charis Sees it Through," by Margaret Widdemer (Harcourt, Brace), and "The White Stone," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell (Appleton); though they are stories of marriages by no means ideal, the young women with these problems to meet meet them in so wholesome and high-hearted a fashion that the stories are surely pleasant enough for anyone not spoiled by sugar.

E. S. G., Boston, Mass., asks for books on investment, especially such as would explain the terms used in stock market advertising to a novice.

"INVESTMENT: A New Profession," by Henry Sturgis (Macmillan), is recommended by business experts, I am told; that it is clearly set forth, I can myself tell. "The Stock Market," by Solomon S. Huebner (Appleton), is a standard work, but the most carefully detailed in its descriptions and explanations is "The Work of the Stock Exchange," by J. E. Meeker (Ronald). Other books sound enough to be advised by business librarians are "Principles of Investment," by John Emmett Kirshman (Shaw); "Principles of Speculation and Investment," by Enoch B. Gowin (Putnam), and the large and elaborate "Investment Analysis," by W. G. Largerquist (Macmillan).

M. W., Philadelphia, Pa., asks if the story of Thomas à Becket has been dramatized. Yes, by Tennyson in his play in verse, "Becket." *N. S., Cleveland, Ohio, asks who publishes the least expensive edition of Frazer's "The Golden Bough."*

THE same house that publishes, or rather imports, the twelve-volume original version at a total cost of sixty dollars—Macmillan—issues also the marvelous condensation made by Sir J. G. Frazer himself into a single large but not overwhelming book, "The Golden Bough," at five dollars. There is a smaller volume, "Leaves from the Golden Bough," made by Lady Frazer from her husband's work for the use of younger readers, but while good for its own purpose it does not conflict or compare with the one-volume version.

A. H. M., El Paso, Texas, asks if any of the new books on interior decoration pay especial attention to the psychological effect of color?

"THE new Interior," by Hazel Adler (Century) is one of the most stimulating of these books. There is a chapter on books about color, especially in decoration, in "The Reader's Guide Book" (Holt). That reminds me that the proud father of

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Rector of Wyck

by May Sinclair

There was one thing Matty—lover of life, and skeptic concerning Christianity—said she would never do: marry a parson. But that was just what she did do, and whether she ever had cause to regret it is a matter of opinion formed only by reading her story. Certainly John Crawford, rector of Wyck, was a lovable character, and adored Matty, his wife.

"May Sinclair sees more and more into the human heart, and she makes the characters so terrifically real that you almost feel as if you were all of them at once."—Fanny Butcher in Chicago Tribune.

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Points of View

On French Handbooks

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

As a Frenchman and a specialist of the "survey course" in French literature, I feel compelled to contradict not a few statements made by Mr. H. D. Learned in *The Saturday Review* for January 17.

To begin with I cannot accept the four reasons given by Mr. Learned for ruling out "a French literary history written by a Frenchman."

In the first place a Frenchman—even if he has no experience of teaching in this country—does not necessarily write "clear over the heads" of American students. By far the greater number of French literary histories are written for use in the *lycées et collèges* (High School and Junior College combined), and their authors know full well that they can take very little for granted.

In the second place very few of these authors feel inclined to assume the attitude of "metaphysical philosophers." It is always painful for a nation to be misunderstood and misrepresented, but I am sure that the average Frenchman is willing to recognize that there is more truth in the hackneyed statement that French writers sacrifice metaphysical profundity to their love for clearness than in such an unexpected accusation as that of Mr. Learned. *Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français* still remains a phrase of which most Frenchmen are ready to take the consequences.

With regard to the "uncritical attitude" and the "exaggerated patriotism" of French historians of literature, I am afraid Mr. Learned makes capital out of the rather commercial and bombastic preface with which Hachette and Co. introduce M. Gustave Lanson's splendid "Histoire Illustrée de la Littérature Française." Is it not a fact that French critics, especially since the development of Comparative Literature, have been very eager to trace and point out foreign influences: Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, German, American, Scandinavian?

As for the last reason put forth against the use of French literary histories I confess I am literally astounded by it: "The other obstacle is that the French have not since the seventeenth century had great respect or regard for English letters. Those who have, like Montesquieu, or Voltaire, have said a number of things that the French have not enjoyed being told. A certain lack of intellectual *rapprochement* has resulted." I had an impression that at least Texte's epoch-making book on "Jean Jacques Rousseau et les Origines du Cosmopolitisme Littéraire" was as well known in America as it is in Europe. At any rate I do hope that Mr. Learned will consent to revise his statement in view of the "anglomania" that swept France in the eighteenth century, of the universally recognized influence of Scott, Byron and Fenimore Cooper on the French romanticists, and of the modern enthusiasm for "Anglo-Saxon" civilization and for the study of the language and literatures of the English-speaking countries.

In connection with the choice of a textbook for the "survey course" in French literature, without reference to the nationality of the author, I wish to state as emphatically as possible that I am more and more convinced of the immense superiority of such works as Marcel Braunschvig's "Notre Littérature Etudiée dans les Textes," which combine an outline of French literature with a most complete collection of illustrative extracts. Thanks to works of this kind the student is no longer required to accept everything on authority and to learn by rote a series of appreciations which are at best second-hand knowledge. Every statement is substantiated by an original extract and the critical faculties of the student are gradually developed at the same time as he becomes personally acquainted with a large number of French writers.

I am well aware of the fact that the outline of French literature to be found in Marcel Braunschvig's two volumes is far too complete for a first "survey course." But it is very easy for the teacher to point out to his students the paragraphs and sentences of primary importance for them, and those which must be reserved for a more advanced course. In this way the same work will be used by the student throughout his college career and I do not hesitate to say that, for such a student, Braunschvig's work—or one of a similar kind—will constitute an ideal work of reference throughout life.

To give an example of what can be done with Braunschvig in a first "survey course" this is what I ask my students to study in connection with the lyrical poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

La production lyrique, au XIVe siècle, est plus abondante qu 'au XVe; mais le XVe siècle, tout en étant moins fécond, compte de plus grands poètes.

Le principal poète du XIVe siècle est Eustache Deschamps.

Au XVe siècle il y eut quelques poètes de valeur: Christine de Pisan, Charles d'Orléans, et le plus grand de tours, François Villon.

(Two short biographical paragraphs on Villon and Charles d'Orléans are assigned for study at this point.)

De François Villon nous avons deux recueils de vers: *Le Petit Testament,* composé de huitains exprimant des legs comiques; et *Le Grand Testament*, composé de huitains et d'une vingtaine de ballades et rondeaux *insérés parmi les* huitains. Dans ce dernier recueil se trouvent, à côté de satires bouffonnes, des accents vrais et touchants, qui font de lui un grand poète, le plus grand sans aucun doute du XVe siècle et même de tout le moyen age."

These statements are illustrated by the following poems: "Ballade sur le Trépas de Du Guesclin," by Eustache Deschamps; "Seulete sui et Seulete Vueil Estre," by Christine de Pisan; "Le Temps a Paissié son Manteau," by Charles d'Orléans; "La Ballade des Pendus, "La Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis" and some stanzas of the "Grand Testament" by Villon. Three short but very important notes are studied and discussed in connection with the poems by Villon, so as to give the students something precise to remember concerning the "Ballade des Pendus," the horror of death in the fifteenth century and in the work of Villon, and the "Danse Macabre."

MARCEL CLAVEL.

"De Gustibus"

To W. R. B., *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Every person is "entitled to his own opinion"; but that person, too, must take the consequences of it; and I should like the courtesy of space in your column to say that I think your parody on Mr. Eli Siegel's poem, "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana," an ill-mannered and shameless piece of writing. And the opinion of that poem, implied in your parody, is something I'll not allow to go uncorrected.

The great duty of a critic, Sir, is always to be ready to welcome new Beauties, in however strange or unexpected form they may come. When I consider what you have seen fit to praise in other writings of yours, I am surprised and humiliated at the way you have treated the truly remarkable poem to which the *Nation* was fortunate enough to give its prize for 1925. If a man persists in preferring Tupper to Tennyson, or E. A. Robinson to T. S. Eliot, we are sorry for him; but, when our feelings have been much stirred by, say, the impudence with which he shows his preference, we commonly protest against the falseness and the danger of such opinions. Of course, not many persons care enough about poetry to write at all. We have learned to shudder at physical deformity, but we are not yet sensitive to deformity of the mind.

I think this gives me the right to do something like justice to Mr. Siegel in the one-sided critical battle now going on.

I believe that "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana" has in it greatness of a new, radical kind. It is as revolutionary as the "Lyrical Ballads," and may be expected to have consequences more nearly permanent. The author, spoken of as a young printer, is plainly no "Rude Bard," but a person of sense, spirit and "culture." What he has done, is to "poeticize" thought; to make us feel thought passionately, in the instinctive way we now feel music, and as directly. I think, then, that a person who loves, variously, Chaucer, Donne, Wycherly, Swift, Johnson, Hazlitt, Keats, Tennyson, Pater, T. S. Eliot (I choose names I think you are likely to approve of), should do honor to those qualities which Mr. Siegel plainly shares with them. That he has such qualities and shows them in his poem, I am quite ready to maintain against anyone who cares to dispute it.

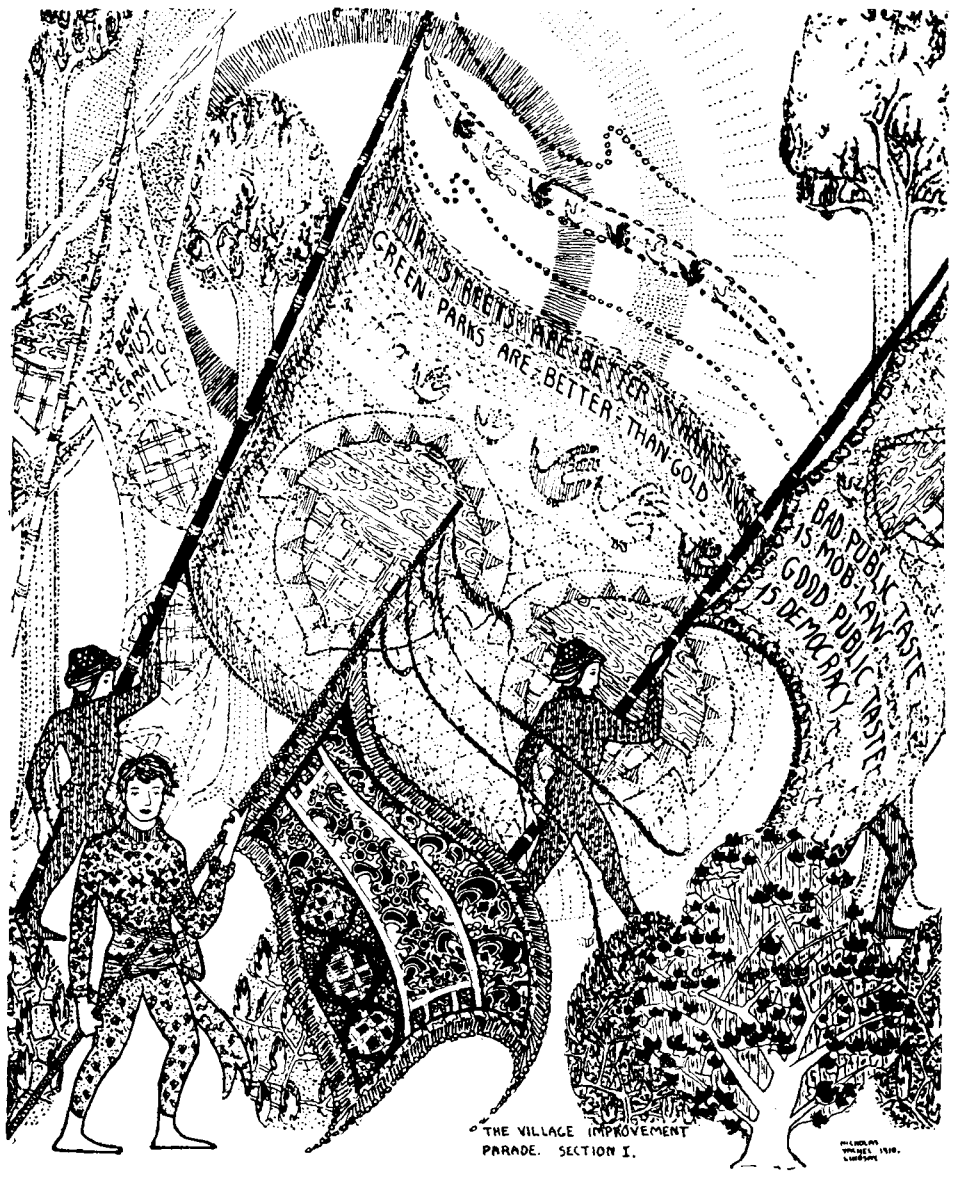
I think that the ugliness of your work—for it *is* sinful, when we think of the plentiful ugliness in the world—comes from want of feeling. Minor feelings, Sir, make minor poets; and the way you feel the world, seems to me strangely disproportionate. There was no kindness in your parody, no high spirits that I could find (and I know where to look for them), no gay good humor. You took no pains to find out why this poem seemed so strangely different from most other poems. And you wrote in a canting, ill-tempered style, of what you did not understand.

Now, Sir, you are not good enough to do this. When you have written against the vulgarities of our present-day Della Cruscan, or "colorful-slatternly," school of poetry; when you have attacked the hideous way of politics in America; when you have been properly painted by the pedantry and small-mindedness of the *Saturday Review of Literature;* it will be seemly for you to abuse Mr. Siegel as you have done. My guess is, that you will be a "happily-changed" person by that time.

I ask you, in fairness, to print this where it may be seen by readers of your parody. I think it only justice for you to do so, remembering that you mentioned neither Mr. Siegel's name nor his poem, but treated him like some upstart, unknown crank. Come, come, let's have your repentance now, when it will do good.

SAVINGTON CRAMPTON.

Brooklyn.



Free and proud and mellow jamboree,
Roar and foam upon the prairie sea,
Tom turkeys sing the sun a serenade:—
It is the cross-roads
Resurrection
Parade.

One of Vachel Lindsay's "Village Improv ement Parade" drawings, to appear in the new edition of "Collected Poems" (Macmillan).

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the "Healthy boy of fifteen" whose letter is answered on page 312 of that work, has just sent me a newspaper photograph of him, now a tall, light-footed runner upon a university track, and that reminds me that as I am making an extra-illustrated copy of his priceless work I should be glad if those who recognize their letters in it would send me snapshots of other pictures to be included. Some I had already asked, but I have lost track of many of the original writers.

MY call for plays of the sea has brought in these titles from correspondents: "Riders to the Sea," by John Synge (Luce)—now why didn't I think of that? "Shadowy Waters," by William Butler Yeats (Macmillan). "Off Nag's Head: or, The Bell-Buoy," by Dougald MacMillan, in "Carolina Folk Plays" (Holt)—this involves the mystery of Theodosia Burr's fate. "Wrekage," by Hary Heaton Vorse and Colin Clements (in Appleton's series of Modern Plays, booklets in stiff-paper covers). "The Luck-Piece," by Percival Wilde (Little, Brown). I am also informed that just the book for which this correspondent evidently is in search is being prepared by Small, Maynard for publication in the spring; it is called "Sea Plays," and is an anthology of short plays of the sea all written by American authors; it is edited by the writer of sea-plays admired by the original inquirer, Colin Campbell Clements.

W. S., Elkland, Pa., and B. W., Milwaukee, Wis., ask for books of selections for recitation, varied in character and off the line of the all-too-usual.

FOR poetry I like "The Reciter's Treasury of Verse," edited by Roland Pertwee (Dutton), which has an immense number of poems from the sublime to the ridiculous, all with some quality that makes them suitable for public performance. This is recent, and so is "Modern Literature for Oral Interpretation," a collection made by Gertrude Johnson (Century) and distinguished by an unusual variety and originality in the choice of prose selections. She has edited also "Dialects for Oral Interpretation" (Century), the best book of its kind.

The Lanston Monotype Machine Company has issued a descriptive folio pamphlet displaying Frederick W. Goudy's new type face "Italian Old Style" which is a beautiful piece of typography in itself. The display was designed by Bruce Rogers and printed by Rudge of Mount Vernon. It is an item that the Rogers collector should not overlook.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

EARLY MAPS AND ATLASES

HISTORIANS who treat of the discovery and colonization periods of American history recognize the fundamental importance of the contemporary atlases and maps. This graphic record is quite as essential as other written records to any true understanding of the genesis of the discoveries and their influence upon thought and the progress of civilization. Long before the invention of printing a series of remarkable maps, a part of the geography of Ptolemy (c. 150 A. D.), were current in Europe. Such maps, in a printed edition of Ptolemy, were in the hands of Columbus, influencing, if not directing, his plans of discovery. The modern type of atlas appeared in 1570 with the "Theatrum Terrarum," by Abraham Ortelius, published in Amsterdam. This work was very popular, enjoying more than sixty editions of various sizes. The first work to bear the name "atlas" was published by Gerhardt Mercator, at Dusseldorf in 1595. Blaeu's "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum' appeared first in Dutch in 1634-35 at Amsterdam. This grew gradually to a monumental work in eleven volumes, being closely imitated in the successive editions of another Dutch atlas maker, Johannes Jannssonius, brother-in-law of Henry Hondius, who had continued and revised the Mercator atlases. In the second half of the seventeenth century began the cartographical activities of the French with the work of the Sansons and of Pierre DuVal, and, late in the century, the labors of Nicolas De Fer. The early cartography of the Great Lakes region of North America is to be studied in the French maps. At the very end of this century began a scientific activity in astronomy, with France leading, which culminated in the accurate determination of the longitudes and revolutionized the atlases of the world. The corner-stone in this work was the famous Cassini map of 1696, only two copies of which are known to exist. One of these is in the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan. During the past winter a notable collection of maps covering a period of more than three centuries were exhibited at the William L. Clements Library and these facts are gleaned from the bulletin written for visitors to this exhibition.

LUCK IN BOOK COLLECTIONS

INCIDENTS of good luck in book hunting never lose their interest for collectors. Ernest Dressel North mentions two in the last issue of *The Book Collectors Quarterly*:

"Once, in London, I was offered a copy of Wordsworth and Coleridge's "Lyrical Ballads," 1798. It was bound with a copy of 1802. The price was very reasonable. Later, in glancing at Mr. Wise's description of his copy I found that only three copies were known with the rare Bristol imprint. His own copy, the one in the British Museum and the one formerly belonging to B. M. Pickering, which was untraced. Imagine my sense of joy when in glancing at the title page of my copy I found that I had the fourth. It took little time to sell it to the owner of the most noted Wordsworth collection in this country." About a year ago in the sale of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts library, in a bundle of music was hidden a copy of Shelley's famous volume entitled "The Posthumous Fragment of Margaret Nicholson," privately printed at Oxford in 1810 and consisting of only twenty-nine pages. This little tract had fetched $6,750 in the Buxton Forman sale and £1,210 at Sotheby's in 1923. The interesting fact consists in the failure of the cataloguer at Sotheby's to recognize its rarity and of the bookseller to realize what he had bought. It fell to the good fortune of the purchaser of the musical lot to recognize this excessively rare pamphlet of Shelleys. These two illustrations are typical examples of the possibilities that come to the ardent, persistent and wise collector.

FORTHCOMING SALE

THE libraries of the late George J. Gould and his first wife, the late Edith Kingdon Gould, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries March 12 and 13. These libraries were formerly at Georgian Court, Lakewood, and the Fifth Avenue Gould home. Besides many complete sets of American, English, and French authors, frequently printed on Japan paper and bound in elaborately gold tooled full levant bindings, there is a large number of expensive art works and beautifully illustrated French books of the eighteenth century. There are several printed horæ of the sixteenth century, the most interesting of which has a signed inscription by Henry VIII., which is one of the rarest of autographs. One of the most elaborately bound volumes is a folio copy of Henry Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," with 94 plates superbly hand-illuminated in colors, and heightened with gold and silver. The elaborate binding has a front cover, studded with gold-filled and chased bosses at the corners, and intermediate spaces in which are set lapis lazuli, malachite, topazes, and amethysts, gold-filled clasps, with inlaid champleve enamel. This binding was executed by Bedford, the noted English binder, after designs by the author, and was exhibited in London in 1862.

NOTES AND COMMENT

IT is reported that the Hungarian government has purchased the Codex Ehrenfelt, said to be the oldest known book in the Hungarian language. The volume dates from 1430 and was to have been sold at Sothebys in London, February 24.

* * *

"The Bookplate Annual of 1925" is nearing completion. The subject matter will consist of a critical appreciation of the fanciful bookplates of Dugald Stewart Walker, by Gardner Teall, illustrated by two original copper-plates. Haldane Macfall contributes an article entitled "The Bookplates of D. Y. Cameron" and Walter Shaw Sparrow writes about the famous bookplates designed by Robert Anning Bell, A. R. A. "The Washington Bookplate Myth," by Charles D. Cornelius of the Metropolitan Museum, will be an interesting revelation to all bookplate enthusiasts. This new annual will also have a new exchange list of bookplate collectors and an illustrated account of the Tenth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Bookplates. The volume will be one of the handsomest of the series, a large quarto, printed in double columns, in large type, on Old Stratford paper, bound in blue boards and limited to 500 copies. It is a volume calculated to give great pleasure to any real booklover.

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The Bitter Country

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Anita Pettibone

•

Ellen Fargo, eager, serious and rather quaint, went into the big timber country of the Pacific Northwest to teach school to the children of the Finn immigrants who have settled there. This story of her life there among alien people, her love for an alien man, in a lonely land of forests and big snows, has been highly praised by the critics and compared by several to Edna Ferber's memorable *So Big*.

"A first novel like *The Bitter Country* which selects as its subject the rude peasant life of the unromantic Northwest, but does not make it appear garish. . . . is something of an event."—Books, N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*.

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The Phoenix Nest

. . . So the roar of the crowd went on. I should have felt proud and dazed, but the only thing I could think of, right after the knockout, was Sullivan lying there on the floor. I was actually disgusted with the crowd, and it left a lasting impression on me. It struck me as sad to see all those thousands who had given him such a wonderful ovation when he entered the ring turning it to me now that he was down and out.

THUS "Gentleman Jim" in his recently published autobiography, a first-rate rapid-fire narrative full of episodic excitement. All credit to *James J. Corbett* and *Robert Gordon Anderson* for making it so! Some of the sub-heads of the chapters give you an idea: "The Sacred Egg," "'Blub' Gallagher, the Hydrant, and the Ice Cream Soda," "An Audience with Guns on Their Hips," "The Bout on the Barge," "The Ghost in the Steam Room," "The Girl in the Box and the Sporting Colonel," "Fitzsimmons' Nose Is Pulled in the Lobby," "The Redheaded Kid," "One-Eyed Connolly and the Glass Eye," and so on. You'll admit they arouse interest.

"Jim" Corbett becomes, in his book, a thoroughly likable fighter, an Irishman with a good head and a good heart and determination that took him to the top of the fighting tree. He passed out of the picture just as they all pass. As he says,

I have heard, too, each in his day hailed as the greatest of the line, in the most foolish of arguments. It can never be decided really which was supreme since few of the discussed wearers of the crown can be matched with each other at their prime.

Corbett passed, but here he lives on in the recounting of a full life and all his big battles. He was one of the great boxers of the ring, a thoroughly scientific fighter. He could stand and slug with anyone when in his prime, but his headwork and his footwork were his greatest assets. He exulted in learning the art of fighting, just as a fine swordsman exults in the mastery of the supple blade. He made his way upward in the days when they fought for sheer love of the game. His great admiration is still the Peter Jackson who had "range, height, reach, sufficient weight, and the most beautiful of builds. He could box with the cleverest or slug toe-to-toe with the heaviest hitter, as he chose; and he was equipped with the keenest intelligence." "Jim" Corbett has also always admired the courage and will-power it takes to win. He has known the "joy of effort." And that has really been more to him, we believe, than the clink of the shekels or the roar of the crowd. He liked most to match all there was in him against the best that the best could offer. He liked to win. He goes through with it, but it is naturally hard for him to recount the later fights when he lost. When his timing began to falter and his fighting-eye to fail, he fought off the realization of it as long as it was humanly possible. But also, on his retirement from the ring, he proved that Life had no real knockout for him. That is the crucial time when some of them hit the skids. Corbett had better stamina. Pride kept him going as it had kept him going in the fight with Jeffries. He continued keeping fit. He developed a longer range view of life. He won through to a working philosophy.

There is always a parable in the squared circle. But, considered as a human being, the most important thing to a boxer is not so much how long he maintains supremacy in the ring but what happens to him afterwards, how well he grapples the bigger "game." Corbett has kept his head and won the respect of all. Also he displays a sense of humor and more than a bit of heart-warming Irish sentiment in this excellent book of his. The numerous incidents of "Dad," the incident of Denny Gillen and the lonely funeral, the incidents of "Miss Wilkinson" and Father James and Mike McGrath of Salem are, after all, more important in a survey of the man than the way he blocked Peter Jackson's famous "one-two" or how Fitzsimmons slipped over his "solar plexus." He tells of some incidents also that do not "sound so very pretty to me now," and that counts on the credit side. Well—

There were ten of the Corbetts of Ballenrobe,
And another packed a punch heard round the globe.

Young Jim Corbett loved ice cream;
While he was eatin' it he had a dream;

Dreamed himself at the top of the tree;
And that was just where he was goin' to be.

Corbett got Sullivan; he got him right;
Boy, but that was a red-hot fight;

Jim lets both guns go left and right;
John rolls his eyes and he sez "Good Night!"

W. R. B.

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